

.Book
rtly five
nes,
all spring

THE
WORKS
OF
WILLIAM BROWNE.
VOLUME II.
CONTAINING
THE SECOND BOOK OF
BRITANNIA'S PASTORALS:
WITH NOTES AND OBSERVATIONS
BY THE REV. W. THOMPSON.



BRITANNIA'S

PASTORALS.

THE SECOND BOOKE.

THE FIRST SONG.

THE ARGUMENT.

*Marina's freedome now I sing,
And of her endangering:
Of Famine's cave, and then th'abuse
Tow'rds buried Colyn and his Muse.*

AS when a marriner (accounted lost)
On the watry desert long time tost,
Summer's parching heate, in winter's cold,
Tempests great, in dangers manifold,
By a fav'ring winde drawne up the mast,
Hence he descryes his native soyle at last;
Whose glad sight he gets the hatches under,
And to the ocean tels his joy in thunder,
Making those barnacles into the sea,
Once, that in the wombe and cladle lay)
Then sodainly the still inconstant winde
Shifts before, that did attend behinde;
And growes so violent, that he is fane
Command the pilot stand to sea againe;

Least want of sea-roome in a channell freight,
Or casting anchor might cast o'er his freight;

Thus, gentle muse, it happens in my song,
A journey, tedious, for a strength so yong
I undertook: by silver-seeming floods,
Past gloomy bottomes, and high-waving woods
Climb'd mountaines where the wanton kidling
dallies,

Then with soft steps enscal'd the meekne
valleys,

In quest of memory: and had possess
A pleasant garden, for a welcome rest;
No sooner than a hundred theames come on,
And hale my bark a-new for Helicon.

Thrice sacred powers! (if sacred powers there be
Whose milde aspect engyrland poesie)
Ye happy sisters of the learned spring,
Whose heavenly notes the woods are ravishing!
Brave Thespian maidens, at whose charming
layes

Each mosse-thrumb'd mountaine bends, each
current playes!

Pierian fingers! O ye blessed muses!
Who as a jem too deare the world refuses!
Whose truest lovers never clip with age,
O be propitious in my pilgrimage!
Dwell on my lines! and till the last sand fall,
Run hand in hand with my weak pastorall!

Cause

use every coupling cadence flow in blisses,
 and fill the world with envy of such kisses.
 Take all the rarest beauties of our clyme,
 that deigne a sweet looke on my younger ryme,
 to linger on each line's inticing graces
 on their lovers lips and chaste imbraces!
 Through rouling trenches, of self-drowning
 waves,
 There stormy gusts throw up untimely graves,
 y billowes, whose white some shew'd angry
 mindes,
 or not out-roaring all the high-rai'd wyndes,
 to the ever-drinking thirsty sea
 y rocks that under water hidden lay,
 to shipwracke passengers, (so in some den
 theeves bent to robbry watch way-faring men.)
 fairest Marina, whom I whilome sung,
 in all this tempest (violent though long)
 Without all fence of danger lay asleepe:
 Till tossed where the still inconstant deepe
 With wide spred armes, stood ready for the
 tender
 Of daily tribute, that the swolne floods render
 to her chequer: (whence as worthy kings
 she helps the wants of thousand lesser springs:)
 here waxt the windes dumbe, (shut up in their
 caves)
 As still as mid-night were the fullen waves,

And Neptune's silver ever-shaking brest
 As smooth as when the Halcyon builds her nest
 None other wrinckles on his face were seene
 Than on a fertile meade, or sportive greene,
 Where never plow-share ript his mother's womb
 To give an aged seed a living tombe,
 Nor blinded mole the batning earth e'er stir'd,
 Nor boyes made pit-fals for the hungry bird.
 The whistling reeds upon the water's side
 Shot up their sharp heads in a stately pride,
 And not a bynding ozyer bow'd his head,
 But on his roote him bravely carryed.
 No dandling leafe plaid with the subtill ayre,
 So smooth the sea was, and the skye so fayre.

Now with his hands, instead of broad-palm'd
 oares,

The swaine attempts to get the shell-strewed
 shore,

And with continuall lading making away,
 Thrusts the small boate, into as fayre a bay
 As ever merchant wisht might be the rode
 Wherein to ease his sea-torne vessel's lode.
 It was an iland (hugg'd in Neptune's armes,
 As tending it against all forraigne harmes,)
 And Mona hight: so amiably fayre,
 So rich in soyle, so healthfull in her ayre,
 So quicke in her encrease, (each dewy night
 Yeelding that ground as greene, as fresh of plight

't was the day before, whereon then fed
 of gallant steeres, full many a thousand head.)
 deckt with floods, so pleasant in her groves,
 full of well-fleec'd flockes and fatned droves;
 that the brave issue of the Trojan line,
 Whose worths, like diamonds, yet in darknesse
 shine,)

Whose deeds were sung by learned bards as hye,
 raptures of immortall poesie,
 any nation's, since the Grecian lads
 were famous made by Homer's Iliads.)
 Whose brave heroicke spirits, 'twixt one another
 proverbially call * Mona Cambria's mother.

et Cambria is a land from whence have come
 worthies well worth the race of Ilium;
 Whose true desert of praise could my muse touch,
 should be proud that I had done so much.
 and though of mighty Brute I cannot boast,
 et doth our warlike strong Deuonian coast
 recount his worth, since on her wave-worne
 strand

and his Trojans first set foot on land,
 rooke saile, and anchor cast on † Totnes shore,
 though now no ship can ride there any more.

* Mom Mam Kumbry.

† Petunt Classsem omnibus bonis onustam, prosperi
 tis mare sulcantes, in Totenesio littore feliciter
 aplicarunt. Galf. Monum.

In th'iland's rode the swaine now meares
boate

Unto a willow, (least it outwards floate)
And with a rude embracement taking up
The maid (more faire than * She that fill'd
cup

Of the great thunderer, wounding with her eye
More harts then all the troopes of deities.)
He wades to shore, and sets her on the sand,
That gently yeelded when her foot should land
Where bubling waters through the pibbles flee
As if they strove to kisse her slender feet.

Whilst like a wretch, whose cursed hand had
tane

The sacred reliques from a holy phane,
Feeling the hand of heaven (inforcing wonder
In his returne, in dreadful cracks of thunder,
Within a bush his sacriledge hath left,
And thinkes his punishment freed with the theft
So fled the swaine, from one; had Neptune spide
At halfe an ebbe, he would have forc'd the tyde
To swell anew; whereon his carre should sweep
Deckt with the riches of th'unfounded deepe,
And he from thence, would with all state
shore,

To wooe this beautie, and to wooe no more.
; Divine Electra (of the sisters feaven
That beautifie the glorious orbe of heaven)

* Hebe.

When

When Ilium's stately towres, serv'd as one light
 To guide the ravisher in ugly night
 To her virgin bed, with-drew her face,
 And never would look down on humane race
 At this maid's birth; since when some power
 Hath won her
 Often fits to shine, as gazing on her.
 Grim Saturne's sonne, the dread Olimpicke Jove
 That dark't three days to frolicke with his love,
 Had he in Alcmen's stead clipt this faire wight,
 The world had slept in everlasting night.
 For whose sake onely, (had she lived then)
 Ucalion's flood had never rag'd on men:
 For Phaëton perform'd his father's duty,
 For fear to rob the world of such a beauty:
 Whose due praise, a learned quill might spend
 In houres, dayes, months, yeeres, and never make
 An end.

What wretch inhumane? or what wilder blood
 Suckt in a desert from a tiger's brood)
 Could leave her so disconsolate? but one
 Laid in the waists of frost-bit Calydon;
 For had his veynes beene heat with milder ayre,
 He had not wrong'd so foule, a maide so faire.
 Sing on sweet Muse, and whilst I feed mine eyes
 Upon a jewell of unvalued prize,
 As bright as starre, a dame as faire, as chaste
 As eye behold, or shall, till nature's last.

Charme

Charme her quicke senses! and with rapture
sweet

Make her affection with your cadence meet!

And if her gracefull tongue admire one straine

It is the best reward my pipe would gaine.

In lieu whereof, in laurell-worthy rymes

Her love shall live untill the end of times,

And spite of age, the last of dayes shall see

Her name embalm'd in sacred poesie.

Sadly alone upon the aged rocks,

Whom Thetis grac'd in washing oft their locks

Of branching sampire, fate the maid o'ertaken

With sighes and teares, unfortunate, forsaken;

And with a^e voyce that floods from rocks would

borrow,

She thus both wept and sung her noates of sorrow

If heaven be deafe and will not heare my cries;

But adds new dayes to add new miseries;

Heare then ye troubled waves and flitting gales,

That coole the bosomes of the fruitfull vales!

Lend, one, a flood of teares, the other winde,

To weepe and sigh that heaven is so unkinde!

But if ye will not spare, of all your store,

One teare, or sigh, unto a wretch so poore;

Yet as ye travell on this spacious round,

Through forrests, mountaines, or the lawny
ground,

If't

Happ' you see a maide weepe forth her woe,
 I have done; Oh bid her as ye goe
 At lavish teares! for when her own are gone,
 The world is flinty and will lend her none.
 This be eke denyde, O hearken then
 Each hollow vaulted rocke, and crooked den!
 And if within your sides one eccho be,
 Let her begin to rue my destinie!
 And in your clefts her plainings doe not smother,
 Let that eccho teach it to another!
 I round the world in sounding coombe and
 plaine,
 The last of them tell it the first againe:
 My sad fate so shall they never lin
 At where one ends, another still begin.
 Fetch that I am, my words I vainely waste,
 Eccho, of all woes, onely speakes the last;
 And that's enough: for should she utter all,
 At * Medusa's head, each heart would fall
 To a flinty substance, and repine
 No one grieffe, except as great as mine.
 No carefull nurse would wet her watchfull eye,
 When any pang should gripe her infantry,
 Or though to nature it obedience gave,
 And kneeld, to doe her homage, in the grave
 Should she lament her suckling from her torne:
 Taping by death those torments I have borne.

This

* Which turned the beholders into stone.

This sigh'd, she wept (low leaning on her head
 Her briny teares downe rayning on the sand,
 Which seene by (them, that sport it in the
 On dolphins backes) the fair Nereides,
 They came on shore, and slyly as they fell
 Convaï'd each teare into an oyster-shell,
 And by some power that did affect the girles,
 Transform'd those liquid drops to oryent pearls
 And strew'd them on the shore: for whose
 prize

In winged pines the Roman colonies
 Flung through the deep abyffe to our white rockes
 For jems to decke their ladyes golden lockes:
 Who valed them as highly in their kindes
 As those the sun-burnt Æthiopian findes.

Long on the shore, distrest Marina lay:
 For he that ope's the pleasant sweets of May
 Beyond the noon-stead so farre drove his team
 That harvest-folkes (with curds and clout
 creame,

With cheese and butter, cakes, and cates ynow
 That are the yeoman's from the yoake-or cove
 On sheafes of corne were at their noonshuns clo
 Whilst by them merrily the bag-pipe goes:
 Ere from her hand she lifted up her head,
 Where all the graces then inhabited.
 When casting round her over-drowned eyes,
 (So have I seene a jemme of mickle price

Rou

le in a scallop-shell with water filld)
on a marble rocke at hand behild
characters deepe cut with iron stroke,
shepherd's moane, which read by her, thus
spoke :

Glide soft ye silver floods,
And every spring :
Within the shady woods,
Let no bird sing!

Nor from the grove a turtle dove
Be seene to couple with her love,
silence on each dale and montaine dwell
Willy bids his friend and joy farewell.

But (of great Thetis' trayne)
Ye mermaides faire,
That on the shores do plaine
Your sea-greene haire,
As ye in tramels knit your locks
Weepe ye ; and so inforce the rocks
heavy murmures through the broad shores tell,
Willy bad his friend and joy farewell.

Cease, cease, ye murmuring winds
To move a wave ;
But if with troubled minds
You seeke his grave ;

Know

Know 'tis as various as yourselves,
 Now in the deepe, then on the shelves,
 His coffin toſs'd by fiſh and ſurges fell,
 Whilſt Willy weepes and bids all joy farewell.

Had he, Arion like,
 Beene judg'd to drowne,
 He on his lute could ſtrike
 So rare a ſwon',
 A thouſand dolphins would have come,
 And joyntly ſtrive to bring him home.
 But he on ſhip-board dyde, by ſickneſſe fell,
 Since when his Willy bad all joy farewell.

Great Neptune heare a ſwaine!
 His coffin take,
 And with a golden chaine
 (For pittie) make
 It faſt unto a rock neere land!
 Where ev'ry calmy morne ile ſtand,
 And ere one ſheepe out of my fold I tell,
 Sad Willy's pipe ſhall bid his friend farewell.

Ah heavy ſhepherd (who ſo ere thou be)
 Quoth faire Marina, I doe pittie thee:
 For who by death is in a true friend croſt,
 Till he be earth he halfe himſelfe hath loſt.

re happy deeme I thee, lamented swaine,
 ose body lyes among the scaly traine,
 e I shall never thinke that thou canst dye,
 wilt Willy lives, or any poetry.

well it seemes in versing he hath skill,
 though he (ayded from the sacred hill,)
 thee with him no equall life can give
 by his pen thou maist for ever live.
 h this, a beame of sudder brightnes flies
 n her face, so dazeling her cleare eyes,
 at neyther flower nor grasie which by her
 grew

could discerne cloath'd in their perfect hue.

as a wag (to sport with such as passe)

ing the sun-beames in a looking-glasse,

arays the ray into the eyes of one

o (blinded) eyther stumbles at a stone,

as he dazeled walkes the peopled streets

eady justling every man he meets :

hen Apollo did in glory cast

bright beames on a rocke with gold enchain,

thence the swift reflection of their light

ded those eyes, the chiefeest starres of night.

en streight a thicke-swolne cloud (as if it
 fought

autie's minde to have a thankfull thought)

yl'd the lustre of great Titan's carre,

he beheld, from whence she sate not farre,

Cut

Cut on a high-brow'd rocke (inlaid with gold)
This epitaph, and read it, thus enrolld.

In depth of waves long hath Alexis slept,
So choicest jewels are the closest kept;
Whose death the land had seene, but it appear
To countervail his losse, men wanted tear
So here he lyes, whose dirge each merr
sings,

For whom the clouds weepe raine, the ear
her springs.

Her eyes these lines acquainted with her mind
Had scarcely made; when o'er the hill behind
She heard a woman cry; Ah well a-day,
What shall I do? goe home, or flye, or stay.
Admir'd Marina rose, and with a pace
As gracefull as the goddesses did trace
O'er stately Ida, (when fond * Paris' doome
Kindled the fire should mighty Troy entombe
She went to aide the woman in distresse,
(True beauty never was found mercilesse)
Yet durst she not goe nye, least (being spide)
Some villaine's outrage, that might then betyde
(For ought she knew) unto the crying maide,
Might graspe with her: by thickets which array
The high sea-bounding hill, so neare she went
She saw what wight made such lowd dreriment

Low

• The Judgment of Paris.

d? yes: sung right; for since the azure
 skye

risen'd first the world, a mortal's cry
 in greater clangor never pierc'd the ayre.
 might she was so farre from being faire,
 she could be foule esteem'd, compar'd with her.
 describing foulness, pardon if I erre,
 Shepherds daughters, and ye gentle swaines!
 my muse would gladly chaunt more lovely
 straines:

since on miry grounds she trode, for doubt
 sinking, all in haste, thus wades she out.
 when great Neptune, in his height of pride,
 the inland creeks fills with a high spring-tyde,
 at shoales of fish, among the oysters hye,
 which by a quicke ebbe, on the shores, left dry,
 the fishes yawne, the oysters gapen wide:
 as broad her mouth was: as she stood and cride,
 she tore her elvish knots of hayre, as blacke
 and full of dust as any collyer's sacke.
 her eyes unlike, were like her body right,
 round and mishapen, one dun, t'other white.
 as in a picture limb'd unto the life,
 carved by a curious workman's knife,
 twenty men at once should come to see
 the great effects of untirde industry,
 which severally would thinke the picture's eye
 was fixt on him, and on no stander by:

So

So as she (bawling) was upon the bancke,
 If twice five hundred men stood on a rancke,
 Her ill-face tow'rds them, every one would see
 She lookes on mee; when she another way
 Had cast her eyes, as on some rocke or tree,
 And on no one of all that company.

Her nose (ô crooked nose) her mouth o'er hung
 As it would be directed by her tongue:

Her fore-head such, as one might neere avow
 Some plow-man, there, had lately beene at plow

Her face so schorcht was, and so vylde it shew'd
 As on a peare-tree she had fear'd the crowes.

Within a Tanner's fat I oft have eyde

(That three moones there had laine) a large
 oxe hyde

In liquor mixt with strongest barke, (for gaine)

Yet had not tane one halfe so deep a stain

As had her skin: and that as hard well-nye

As any brawne's, long hardened in the stye.

Her shoulders such, as I have often seene

A silly cottage on a village greene

Might change his corner posts, in good behoofe

For four such under-proppers to his rooffe.

Huswives, goe, hire her; if you yearly gave

A Lamkin more then use, you that might save

In washing beetles; for her hands would passe

To serve that purpose, though you daily wash.

For other hidden parts, thus much I say:

As ballad-mongers on a market-day

Taking

ing their stand, one (with as harsh a noyce
ever cart-weele made) squeakes the sad choice
Tom the miller with a golden thumbe,
o crost in love, ran mad, and deafe, and
dumbe,

fe part he chants, and will not sing it out,
thus bespeakes to his attentive rout :

as much for love I warbled from my brest,
d gentle friends, for mony take the rest :

peake I to the over-longing eare,
at would the rest of her description heare,
ch have I sung for love, the rest (not com-
mon)

tial will shew for coyne, in's crabbed woman.

f e're you saw a pedant gin prepare

speake some gracefull speech to master maior,
d being bashfull, with a quaking doubt

at in his eloquence he may be out ;

oft steps forth, as oft turnes backe againe ;

ed long 'tis e're he ope his learned veyne :

inke so Marina stood : for now she thought

venture forth, then some conjecture wrought

to be jealous, least this ugly wight

nce like a witch she lookt) through spels of
night,

ght make her body thrall . (that yet was free)

all the foule intents of witchery :

This drew her backe againe, At last she bre
Through all fond doubts, went to her, and
spoke

In gentle manner thus: Good day, good ma
With that her cry she on a sodaine staid,
And rub'd her squint eyes with her mighty
But as a miller having ground his grist,
Lets downe his flood-gates with a speedy fall
And quarring up the passage therewithall,
The waters swell in spleene, and never stay
Till by some cleft they find another way:

So when her teares were stopt from eyther e
Her singults, blubbrings, seem'd to make t

flye

Out at her oyster-mouth and nose-thrills wy
Can there (quoth faire Marina) ere betide
(In these sweet groves) a wench, so gre

wrong,

That should inforce a cry so loud, so long?
On these delightfull plaines how can there be
So much as heard the name of villany?

Except when shepheards in their gladsome fi
Sing hymnes to Pan that they are free from

But shew me, what hath caus'd thy grie
yell?

As late (quoth she) I went to yonder well,

You cannot see it here; that grove, doth cover
 with his thicke boughes his little channell
 over)

to fetch some water (as I use) to dresse
 my master's supper, (you may thinke of flesh;
 but well I wot he tasteth no such dish)
 of rochets, whittings, or such common fish,
 that with his net he drags into his boate.
 Among the flags below, there stands his coate
 A simple one) thatch'd o're with reede and
 broome;

It hath a kitchin, and a severall roome
 for each of us. But this is nought: you flee
 Leplayde Marine, I prithee answere me
 To what I question'd. Doe but heare me first,
 Answer'd the hag. He is a man so curst,
 Although I toyle at home, and serve his swine,
 Yet scarce allowes he me whereon to dine:
 In summer time on black-berries I live,
 On crabs and hawes, and what wilde Forrests
 give:

In winter's cold, bare-foot, I run to seeke
 For oysters and small wrinckles in each creeke,
 Whereon I feed, and on the meager stone,
 But if he home returne and finde me gone,
 I still am sure to feele his heavy hand.
 Alas and weale away, since now I stand

In such a plight: for if I seeke his dore
Hee'l beate me ten times worfe then e're bef
What hast thou done? (yet askt Marina) say
I with my pitcher lately tooke my way
(As late I said) to thilke same shaded spring,
Fill'd it, and homewards rais'd my voice to fin
But in my backe return, I (haples) spyde
A tree of cherries wilde, and them I eyde
With such a longing, that unwares my foot
Got underneath a hollow-growing root,
Carrying my pot as maides use on their heads
I fell with it, and broke it all to shreads.
This is my grieve, this is my cause of mone;
And if some kinde wight goe not to attone
My furly master, with me wretched maid,
I shall be beaten dead. Be not afraid,
Said sweet Marina, hasten thee before;
Ile come to make thy peace; for since I fore
Doe hunger, and at home thou hast small chee
(Need and supply grow farre off, feldome need
To yonder grove ile goe, to taste the spring,
And see what it affords for nourishing.
Thus parted they. And sad Marina blest
The houre she met the maid, who did invest
Her in assured hope, she once should see
Her flocke againe (and drive them merrily

their flowre-decked layre, and tread the
shores
pleasant Albion) through the well poys'd
oares

the poore fisher-man that dwelt thereby.

but as a man who in a lottery

haventur'd of his coyne, ere he have ought,
likes this or that shall with his prize be
bought,

so enricht, march with the better rancke,
then sodainly he's call'd, and all is blanke:

chaste Marina so doth Fortune prove,
statesmen and she are never firme in love."

No sooner had Marina got the wood,

as the trees she neerly search'd for food,

villaine, leane, as any rake appears,

look't, as pinch'd with famine, Ægypt's
yeares,

me out and wasted to the pithlesse bone,

one that had a long consumption.

rusty teeth (forsaken of his lips

they had serv'd with Want two prentiships)

through his pallid cheekes, and lankest skin

may what number were enranckt within.

C 3

His

See Mr. Sackville's Induction to the Mirror of
Magistrates.

His greedy eyes deep sunck into his head,
 Which with a rough hayre was o're covered,
 How many bones made up this starved wight
 Was soone perceiv'd; a man of dimmest sight
 Apparantly might see them knit, and tell
 How all his veynes and every finew fell.
 His belly (inwards drawne) his bowels prest,
 His unfill'd skin hung dangling on his brest,
 His feeble knees with paine enough uphold
 That pined carkasse, casten, in a mold
 Cut out by death's grim forme. If small legs wa
 Ever the title of a gentleman;
 His did acquire it. In his flesh pull'd downe
 As he had liv'd in a beleaguered towne,
 Where plenty had so long estranged beene
 That men most worthy noate, in grieve we
 seene
 (Though they rejoyc'd to have attain'd suc
 (meat)
 Of rats, and halfe-tann'd hydes, with stomach
 great,
 Gladly to feed: and where a nurse, most wilde
 Druncke her owne milke, and starv'd her cryin
 child.
 Yet he through want of food not thus became
 But Nature first decreed, that as the flame

never seene to flye his nourishment,
 at all consumes : and still the more is lent
 the more it covers. And as all the floods
 owne trenching from small groves, and greater
 woods)
 the vast insatiate sea doth still devoure,
 and yet his thirst not quenched by their power :
 ever should befall this starved wight ;
 the more his vyands, more his appetite.
 That ere the deepes bring forth, or earth, or
 ayre,
 the ravine should, and want in greatest fare.
 and what a citie twice seaven yeares would serve,
 he should devoure, and yet be like to starve.
 the wretch so empty ; that if e're there be
 Nature found the least vacuitie,
 will be in him. The grave to Ceres' store ;
 caniball to lab'ers old and poore ;
 sponge-like-dropfie, drinking till it burst ;
 the sicknes tearm'd the wolfe, vilde and accurst ;
 some respects like th' art of alchumy
 that thrives least, when it long'st doth multiply :
 Simos he cleeped was : whose long-nayl'd paw
 seizing Marina, and his sharpe-fang'd jaw
 The strongest part he had) fixt in her weeds,
 he forc'd her thence, through thickets and high
 reeds,

Towards

Towards his cave. Her fate the swift windes rase
And round the grove in heavy murmures flew,
The limbes of trees, that (as in love with eyther
In close imbracements long had liv'd together,
Rubb'd each on other, and in shreeks did show
The windes had mov'd more part'ners of the
woe.

Olde and decayed stockes, that long time spent
Upon their armes, their rootes chiefe nourish-
ment;

And that drawne dry, as freely did impart
Their boughes a feeding on their father's hart,
Yet by respectlesse impes when all was gone,
Pithlesse and saplesse, naked left alone,
Their hollow truncks, fill'd with their neigh-
bor's moanes,

Sent from a thousand vents ten thousand groanes
All birds flew from the wood, as they had been
Scar'd with a strong bolt ratling 'mong the trees
Limos with his sweet theft full silyly rushes
Through sharp - hook'd brambles, thornes and
tangling bushes,

Whose tenters sticking in her garments, sought
(Poore shrubs) to help her, but availing nought
As angry (best intents miss'd best proceeding)
They scratch'd his face and legs, cleere water
bleeding.

greater haste a fearefull school-boy makes
of an orchard whence by stealth he takes
hurlish farmer's plums, sweet pears or grapes,
then Limos did, as from the thicke he scapes
to the shore. Where resting him a space,
Mileffe Marina gan entreat for grace
one whose knowing it as desp'rate stood,
where each day to get supply of food.
had she (thirsty) such intreaty made
some high rocke, proud of his evening shade,
would have burst in two, and from his veynes
for her avail) upon the under plaines
hundred springs a hundred wayes should
swimme,

shew her teares inforced floods from him.
and such an oratresse beene heard to plead
for faire Polixena, the murth'rer's head
and beene her pardon, and so scap'd that shocke,
which made her lover's toombe her dying blocke.
not an intraged lion, furly, wood,
nor tyger rest her yong, nor savage brood,
nor, not the foaming boare, that durst approve
fovelesse to leave the mighty Queene of Love,
at her sad plaints, their uncouth walkes among,
sent, in sweet numbers from her golden tongue,
much their great hearts would in softnes steepe,
they at her foot would groveling lye, and weepe.

Yet

Yet now (alas!) nor words, nor floods of teares
Did ought availe. "The belly hath no eares."

As I have knowne a man loath meet with gain
That carrieth in his front least shew of paine,
Who for his vittailles all his rayment pledges,
Whose stacks for firing are his neighbour
hedges,

From whence returning with a burden great,
Wearied, on some greene bancke he takes his
seat,

But fearefull (as still theft is in his stay)
Gets quickly up, and hasteth fast away:
So Limos sooner eased than yrested
Was up, and through the reeds (as much molested
As in the brakes) who lovingly combine,
And for her ayde together twist and twine,
Now manacling his hands, then on his legs
Like fetters hang the under growing segs:
And had his teeth not beene of strongest hold,
He there had left his prey. Fates uncontrol'd,
Denide so great a blisse to plants or men,
And lent him strength to bring her to his den.

West, in Apollo's course to Tagus' streame,
Crown'd with a silver circling dyademe
Of wet exhaled mists, there stood a pile
Of aged rockes, (torne from the neighbour ile
And girt with waves) against whose naked breast
The surges tilted, on his snowy crest

The

tow'ring falcon whilome built, and kings
 we for that eirie, on whose scaling wings,
 marches, in gold refin'd as much would lay
 might a month their army royall pay.
 we birds they were, whose quick-selfe-lefs'n-
 ing kin

all wonne the girlonds from the Peregrin.
 * Cerna Ile in Affrick's silver mayne,
 or lustfull-bloody Tereus Thracian strayne,
 or any other lording of the ayre
 curst with this eirie for their wing compare.
 about his sides a thousand seaguls bred,
 the mevy, and the halcyon famosed
 for colours rare, and for the peacefull seas
 round the Sicilian coast, her brooding dayes.
 puffs (as thicke as starlings in a fen)
 were fetcht from thence: there sate the pewet
 hen,

and in the clefts the martin built his nest.
 but those by this curst caitife dispossest
 of roost and nest, the least; of life, the most:
 all left that place, and sought a safer coast.

Instead

* Not the Cerne of Pliny, but the Island of Mau-
 ritius, discovered by the Hollanders, 1598; Fowls
 are here innumerable and of great variety; some so
 tame that they will suffer a man almost to touch them.
 See Ogleby's Africa, p. 715.

Instead of them the caterpillar hants,
 And cancre-worme among the tender plants,
 That here and there in nooks and corners grew,
 Of cormorants and locusts not a few;
 The cramming raven, and a hundred more
 Devouring creatures; yet when from the shore
 Limos came wading (as he easily might
 Except at high tydes,) all would take their flight,
 Or hide themselves in some deepe hole or other
 Least one devourer should devour another.

Neere to the shore that bord'ed on the rocke
 No merry swaine was seene to feed his flocke,
 No lusty neat-heard thither drove his kine,
 Nor boorish hog-heard fed his rooting swine:
 A stony ground it was, sweet herbage fail'd:
 Nought there but weeds, which Limos, strongly
 nayl'd,
 Tore from their mother's brest, to stuffe his maw.
 No crab-tree bore his loade, nor thorne his haw.
 As in a forrest well compleat with deere
 We see the hollyes, ashes, every where
 Rob'd of their cloathing by the browsing game:
 So neere the rocke, all trees where e're you
 came

To cold December's wrath stood void of barke.
 Here danc'd no nymph, no early-rising lark
 Sung up the plow-man and his drowfie mate:
 All round the rocke barren and desolate.

In midst of that huge pyle was Limos' cave
 All large and round, wherein a miller's knave
 Might for his horse and querne have roome at
 will :

There was out-drawne by some inforced skill,
 That mighty conquests were atchiev'd by him.
 He stood the siege of great * Jerusaleme,
 Within whose triple wall and sacred citie
 Weepe ye stone-hearted men! oh read and
 pittie!

For Sion's cause invokes your briny tears:
 Can any dry eye be when she appears
 Shall I must sing her? Oh! if such there be;
 O ye, flye th' abode of men! and hasten thee
 To the desert, some high mountaine under,
 Where at thee boyes will hisse, and old men wonder.
 There sits a mother weeping, pale and wan,
 With fixed eyes, whose hopeles thought seem'd
 ran

low (since for many dayes no food she tasted,
 Her meale, her oyle consum'd, all spent, all
 wasted)

For one poore day she might attaine supply,
 And desp'rate of ought else, sit, pine, and dye.
 At last her minde meets with her tender childe
 That in the cradle lay (of ozyer's wilde)

Which

* See Josephus's Wars of the Jews, b. 7. c. 8.

Which taken in her armes, she gives the teares
 From whence the little wretch with labour grieves
 Not one poore drop can sucke: whereat
 wood,

Cryes out, O heaven! are all the founts of life
 Exhausted quite? and must my infant yong
 Be fed with shooes? yet wanting those ere long
 Feed on it selfe? No; first the roome that gave
 Him soule and life, shall be his timelesse grave
 My dugs, thy best reliefe, through griping
 hunger

Flow now no more my babe; then since
 longer

By me thou canst be fed nor any other,
 Be thou the nurse, and feede thy dying mother
 Then in another place she straight appears
 Seething her suckling in her scalding teares.
 From whence not farre the painter made
 stand

Tearing his sod flesh with her cruell hand,
 In gobbets which she ate. O cursed wombe,
 That to thyselfe art both the grave and tombe

A little sweet lad (there) seemes to entreat
 (With held up hands) his famisht fire for meat
 Who wanting ought to give his hoped joy
 But throbs and fighes; the over hungry boy,
 For some poore bit, in darke nookes makes
 quest,

His satchell findes, which growes a glad some feast

to him and both his parents. Then, next day
he chews the points, wherewith he us'd to
play:

Devouring last his bookes of every kinde,
They fed his body which should feede his minde:
But when his fackell, points, bookes all were
gone,

Before his fire, he droopes, and dyes anone.

In height of art then had the work-man done,
pious, zealous, most religious sonne,

Who on the enemy excursion made,
And spite of danger strongly did invade

Their vittailles convoy, bringing from them
home

Dry'd figs, dates, almonds, and such fruits as
come

To the beleag'ring foe, and fate's the want

Therewith of those, who, from a tender plant

Bred him a man for armes: thus oft he went,

And storke-like sought his parent's nourishment,

Till fate's decreed, he on the Roman speares

Should give his bloud for them, who gave him
theirs.

A million of such throes did famine bring

Upon the citie of the mighty King,

Till, as her people, All her buildings rare

Consum'd themselves and dim'd the lightsome

ayre.

Neere

Neere this the curious pencell did expresse
 A large and solitary wildernesse,
 Whose high well - limmed oakes in growing
 show'd

As they would ease strong Atlas of his load:
 Here underneath a tree in heavy plight
 (Her bread and pot of water wasted quite)
 * Ægyptian Hagar, (ript with hunger fell)
 Sate rob'd of hope: her infant Ishmael
 (Farre from her being laid) full sadly seem'd
 To cry for meate, his cry she nought esteem'd,
 But kept her still, and turn'd her face away,
 Knowing all meanes were bootlesse to assay
 In such a desert: and since now they must
 Sleepe their eternall sleepe, and cleave to dust,
 She chose (apart) to graspe one death, alone,
 Rather than by her babe a million.

Then Erisichthon's case in † Ovid's song
 Was portrayed out; and many moe along
 The insides of the cave; which were descride
 By many loope-holes round on every side.

These faire Marina view'd, left all alone,
 The cave fast shut. Limos for pillage gone:
 Neere the wash'd shore 'mong roots, and breers,
 and thorns,

A bullocke findes, who delving with his hornes

* Genesis, ch. 21.

† Metamorphoses, b. 8.

the hurtlesse earth, (the while his tough hoofs
toore
the yeelding turffe) in furious rage he bore
his head among the boughs that held it round,
while with his bellows all the shores resound:
from Limos kil'd, and hal'd with no small paine
unto the rocke; fed well; then goes againe:
which serv'd Marina fit, for had his food
kill'd him, her veynes had fail'd their deereft
bloud.

Now great Hyperion left his golden throne
that on the dancing waves in glory shone,
or whose declyning on the westerne shore
the orientall hills blacke mantles wore,
and thence apace the gentle twi-light fled,
that had from hideous cavernes ushered
all-drowfie night; who in a carre of jet,
by steeds of iron-gray (which mainly swet
moist drops on all the world) drawne through
the skye,

The helpes of darknesse waited orderly.
first, thicke clouds rose from all the liquid
plaines:

Then mists from marishes, and grounds whose
veynes

Were conduit pipes to many a christall spring:
from standing pooles and fens were following

Unhealthy fogs: each river, every rill
Sent up their vapours to attend her will.

These pitchy curtaines drew 'twixt earth and
heaven,

And as Night's chariot through the aery
driven,

Clamour grew dumb, unheard was shepherds
song,

And silence girt the woods; no warbling tongue
Talk'd to the echo; satyres broke their dance,
And all the upper world lay in a trance,

Onely the curled streames soft chidings kept;
And little gales that from the greene leafe sweet
Dry summer's dust, in fearefull whisp'rings stirr'd
As loath to waken any singing bird.

Darknesse no lesse than blinde Cimmerian
Of Famine's cave the full possession wan,
Where lay the shepherdesse inwarpt with night
(The wished garment of a mournfull wight)
Here silken slumbers and refreshing sleepe
Were seldome found; with quiet mindes thou
keepe,

Not with disturbed thoughts; the beds of Kings
Are never prest by them, sweet rest inrings
The tyred body of the swarty clowne,
And oft'ner lies on flocks than softest downe.

Twice had the cocke crowne, and in cities strow'd
The hel-man's dolefull noyse and carefull song

Old men, whose watchfull eyes no slumber hent
 That store of hours theft-guilty night had spent.
 Had not Morpheus with this maiden been,
 Feared Limos; (whose impetuous teen
 Left gentle rest from all to whom his cave
 Held inclosure (deadly as the grave.)
 To all sad laments left her (forlorn)
 Which three watches she had nyght outworne.
 Faire silver-footed Thetis that time threw
 Along the ocean with a beauteous crew
 Her attending sea-nymphes (Jove's bright
 Lamps
 Guiding from rocks her chariots * Hyppocamps.)
 Journey, onely made, unwares to spye
 Any mighties of her empery
 Opprest the least, and forc'd the weaker sort
 To their designes, by being great in court.
 O! should all potentates whose higher birth
 Proles their titles, other Gods on earth,
 Should they make private search, in vaile of
 Night,
 For cruell wrongs done by each favourite;
 Where should they finde a great one palling in
 Mean man's land, which many yeeres had bin
 His charge's life, and by the other's heast,
 The poore must starve to feede a scurvy beast.

D 2

If

* Sea-horses.

If any recompence drop from his fist,
His time's his owne, the mony, what he list.
There should they see another that commands
His farmer's teame from furrowing his lands,
To bring him stones to raise his building wall,
The while his tenant's sowing time is past.
Another (spending) doth his rents inhance,
Or gets by trickes the poore's inheritance.
But as a man whose age hath dim'd his eyes
Useth his spectacles, and as he pryces
Through them all characters seeme wond'rous
faire,

Yet when his glasses quite removed are
(Though with all carefull heed he neerly looks)
Cannot perceive one tittle in the booke,
So if a King behold such favourites
(Whose being great, was being parasites,)
With th' eyes of favour; all their actions are
To him appearing plaine and regular:
But let him lay his sight of grace aside,
And see what men he hath so dignified,
They all would vanish, and not dare appeare,
Who atom-like, when their sun shined cleare,
Danc'd in his beame; but now his rayes are gone
Of many hundred we perceive not one.
Or as a man who standing to descry
How great floods farre off run, and vallies lye,

keth a glasse prospective good and true,
 which things most remote are full in view:
 monarchs, so, would take an instrument
 truth compos'd to spie their subject's drent
 foule oppression by those high in seate,
 Who care not to be good, but to be great)
 full aspect the wrongs of each degree
 would lye before them; and they then would see.
 he divelish polititian all convinces,
 a murd'ring statesmen and in pois'ning princes;
 he prelate in pluralities asleepe
 Whilst that the wolfe lyes preying on his sheepe;
 the drowfie lawyer, and the false attornies,
 fire poore men's purses with their life-long-
 journeyes;
 The country gentleman, from his neighbour's
 hand
 forceth th' inheritance, joynes land to land,
 and (most insatiate) seekes under his rent
 To bring the world's most spacious continent;
 The fawning citizen (whose love's bought deereſt)
 Deceives his brother when the sun shines clearest,
 Gets, borrowes, breakes, lets in, and stops out
 light,
 And lives a knave to leave his sonne a knight;
 The griping farmer hoords the seed of bread,
 Whilst in the streets the poore lye famished;

And free there's none from all this worldly strife
Except the shepherd's heaven-blest happy life.

But stay sweet muse! forbear this harsh
straine,

Keepe with the shepherds; leave the satyres
veyne,

Coupe not with beares; let Icarus alone
To scorch himselfe within the torrid zone,
Let Phaëton run on, Ixion fall,

And with a humble stiled pastorall

Tread through the vallies, dance about the
streames,

The lowly dales will yeeld us anadems

To shade our temples, 'tis a worthy meed,

No better girlond seekes mine oaten reede;

Let others climbe the hils, and to their praise

(Whilst I sit girt with flowers) be crown'd with
bays.

Shew now faire muse what afterward became
Of great Achilles' mother; she whose name
The mermaids sing, and tell the weeping strand
A braver lady never tript on land,
Except the ever living Fayerie Queene,
Whose vertues by her swaine so written beene,
That time shall call her high enhanced story
In his rare song, "The muse's chiefeest glory."

So mainely Thetis drove her silver throne,
 Laid with pearles of price and precious stone,
 For whose gay purchase, she did often make
 The scorched negro dive the briny lake)
 That by the swiftnesse of her chariot wheels
 Scouring the maine as well-built English keels)
 Of the new-found world all coasts had scene,
 The shores of Theffaly, where she was queene,
 Her brother Pontus waves, imbrac'd, with those
 Locotian fields and vales of Tenedos,
 Strait Hellespont, whose high-brow'd cliffes yet
 found

The mournfull name of young Leander drown'd,
 Then with full speede her horses doth she guide
 Through the Ægean sea, that takes a pride
 In making difference 'twixt the fruitfull lands
 Europe and Asia almost joyning hands,
 But that she thrusts her billowes all affront
 To stop their meeting through the Hellespont.
 The midland sea so swiftly was she scouring,
 The Adriaticke gulfe brave ships devouring.
 To Padus' silver streame then glides she on
 Enfamoused by rekeles' * Phaëton)
 Padus that doth beyond his limits rise,
 When the hot dog-starre raines his maladies,
 And robs the high and ayre-invading Alpes
 Of all their winter suites and snowy scalpes,

* Plin. lib. 3. cap. 16.

To drowne the level'd lands along his shore,
And make him swell with pride. By whom
yore

The sacred Heliconian damfels fate,
(To whom was mighty Pindus consecrate)
And did decree (neglecting other men)
Their height of art should flow from Maro's pen
And prattling eccho's evermore should long
For repetition of sweet Naso's song.
It was inacted here, in after dayes
What wights should have their temples crown'd
with bayes.

Learn'd Ariosto, holy Petrarch's quill,
And * Tasso should ascend the muse's hill.
Divinest Bartas, whose enriched soule
Proclaim'd his Maker's worth, should so enroule
His happy name in brasse, that time nor fate
That swallow all, should ever ruinate.
Delightfull Salust, whose all blessed layes
The shepheards make their hymnes on holy
dayes,

And truely say thou in one weeke hast pend
What time may ever study, ne're amend.
† Marot and Ronfard, Garnier's buskin'd muse
Should spirit of life in very stones infuse.
And many another swan whose powerfull strain
Should raise the Golden World to life againe.

* Three Italian Poets.

† French Poets.

But let us leave (faire muse) the bankes of Po,
 etis forsooke his brave streame long agoe,
 and we must after. See in haste she sweepes
 along the Celtick shores, th'Armorick deepes
 she now is ent'ring: beare up then a-head
 and by that time she hath discovered
 our alablaster rockes, we may discry
 and stem with her, the coasts of Britany.
 here will she anchor cast, to heare the songs
 of English shepheards, whose all tunefull tongues
 pleas'd the Nayades, they did report
 their songs perfection in great Nereus' court:
 which Thetis hearing, did appoint a day
 when she would meet them in the Brittish sea,
 and thither for each swaine a Dolphin bring
 to ride with her, while she would heare him
 sing.

The time prefixt was come; and now the starre
 of blissefull light appear'd, when she her carre
 staid in the narrow seas. At Thames faire port
 the nymfes and shepheards of the isle resort;
 And thence did put to sea with mirthfull rounds,
 Whereat the billowes dance above their bounds,
 And bearded goates, that on the clouded head
 Of any sea-survaying mountaine fed,
 Leaving to crop the ivy, listning stood
 At those sweet ayres which did intrance the
 flood.

In

In jocound sort the goddesse thus they met.
And after rev'rence done, all being set
Upon their fenny courfers, round her throne,
And she prepar'd to cut the watry zone
Ingirting Albion; all their pipes were still,
And * Colin Clout began to tune his quill,
With such deepe art that every one was given
To thinke Apollo (newly slid from heav'n)
Had tane a humane shape to win his love,
Or with the westerne swaines for glory strove.
He sung th' heroicke knights of Faiery land
In lines so elegant, of such command,
That had the † Thracian plaid but halfe so well
He had not left Eurydice in hell.
But e're he ended his melodious song
An host of angels flew the cloudes among,
And rapt this swan from his attentive mates,
To make him one of their associates
In heaven's faire quire: where now he sings the
praise

Of Him that is the FIRST and LAST of DAYES.
Divinest Spencer heav'n-bred, happy muse!
Would any power into my braine infuse
Thy worth, or all that poets had before
I could not praise all thou deserv'st no more.

A damp

* Spenser.

† Orpheus.

A dampe of wonder and amazement strooke
 etis attendants, many a heavy looke
 low'd sweet Spencer, till the thick'ning ayre
 nts further passage stop'd. A passionate teare
 from each nymph, no shepheard's cheek
 was dry,

solefull dirge, and mournfull elegie
 w to the shore. When mighty Nereus Queene
 memory of what was heard and seene)
 employ'd a factor, (fitted well with store
 richest jemmies, refined Indian ore)
 raise, in honour of his worthy name
 Piramis, whose head (like winged Fame)
 ould pierce the clouds, yea seeme the stars to
 kisse,

and Mausolus' great toome might shrowd in his.
 er will had beene performance, had not Fate
 hat never knew how to commiserate)
 born'd curs'd Avarice to lye in waite
 or that rich prey: (gold is a taking baite)
 ho closely lurking like a subtile snake
 nder the covert of a thorny brake,
 iz'd on the factor by fayre Thetis sent,
 and rob'd our Colin of his monument.

Ye English shepheards, sonnes of Memory,
 or satyre's change your pleasing melody,

Scourge,

Scourge, raile and curse that sacrilegious hand
 That more then fiend of hell, that Stygian brand
 All-guilty Avarice : that worst of evill,
 That gulfe devouring off-spring of a Divell:
 Heape curse on curse so direfull and so fell,
 Their waight may presse his damned soule
 hell.

Is there a spirit so gentle can refraine
 To torture such ? O let a saytre's veyne
 Mixe with that man ! to lash this hellish lym,
 Or all our curses will descend on him.

For mine owne part although I now commence
 With lowly shepheards in as low a verse ;
 If of my dayes I shall not see an end
 Till more yeeres presse me ; some few houres
 spend

In rough newn satyres, and my busied pen
 Shall jerke to death this infamy of men.
 And like a fury, glowing coulters bare,
 With which — But see how yonder fondling
 teare

Their fleeces in the brakes ; I must go free
 Them of their bonds ; rest you here merrily
 Till my returne : when I will touch a string
 Shall make the rivers dance, and vallyes ring.

RITANNIA'S
PASTORALS.
THE SECOND BOOKE.

THE SECOND SONG.

THE ARGUMENT.

*What shepheards on the sea were scene
To entertaine the Ocean's Queens,
Remond in search of Fida gone,
And for his love yong Doridon,
Their meeting with a wofull swaine,
Mute, and not able to complaine
His metamorphos'd mistresse wrong;
Is all the subject of this song.*

THE muse's friend (gray-eyde Aurora) yet
eld all the meadowes in a cooling sweate,
the milke-white gossamores not upwards snow'd,
or was the sharpe and usefull steering goad
aid on the strong-neckt ox; no gentle bud
the sun had dryde; the cattle chew'd the cud
ow level'd on the grasse; no flyes quicke sting
forc'd the stonehorse in a furious ring

To

To teare the paffive earth, nor lash his taile
 About his buttockes broad; the slimy fnayle
 Might on the wainfcot, (by his many mazes
 Winding meanders and felfe-knitting traces)
 Be follow'd, where he ftucke, his glittering flin
 Not yet wipt off. It was fo earely time
 The carefull fmith had in his footy forge
 Kindled no coale; nor did his hammers urge
 His neighbour's patience: owles abroad did flye
 And day as then might plead his infancy.
 Yet of faire Albion all the westerne fwaines
 Were long fince up, attending on the plaine
 When Nereus' daughter with her mirthfull boe
 Should fummon them, on their declining coaft.

But fince her ftay was long: for feare the
 funne

Should finde them idle, fome of them begunne
 To leape and wraftle, others threw the barre,
 Some from the company removed are
 To meditate the fongs they meant to play,
 Or make a new round for next holiday:
 Some tales of love their love-ficke fellowes told;
 Others were seeking ftakes to pitch their fold.
 This, all alone was mending of his pipe:
 That, for his laffe fought fruits moft fweet moft
 ripe.

Here,

e, (from the rest) a lovely shepherd's boy
 piping on a hill, as if his joy
 ould still endure, or else that age's frost
 ould never make him thinke what he had lost,
 nder a shepheardesse knits by the springs,
 r hands still keeping time to what she sings:
 eeming, by her song, those fairest hands
 ere comforted working. Neere the sands
 some sweet river sits a musing lad,
 at moanes the losse of what he sometimes had,
 s love by death bereft: when fast by him
 aged swaine takes place, as neere the brim
 's grave as of the river; shewing how
 at as those floods, which passe along right now
 e follow'd still by others from their spring,
 And in the sea have all their burying:"
 ight so our times are knowne, our ages found,
 Nothing is permanent within this round :)
 ne age is now, another that succedes,
 stirping all things which the former breeds:
 other followes that, doth new times raise
 ew yeers, new months, new weeks, new hours,
 new days,
 rankinde thus goes like rivers from their spring
 And in the earth have all their burying."
 Thus sate the olde man counselling the yong;
 whilst, underneath a tree which over-hung

The

The silver streame, (as, some delight it tooke
To trim his thicke boughes in the chryse
brooke)

Were let a jocund crew of youthfull swaines
Wooing their sweetings with dilicious straynes
Sportive Oreades the hills descended,
The Hamadryades their hunting ended,
And in the high woods left the long-liv'd hares
To feede in peace, free from their winged dares
Floods, mountaines, vallies, woods, each vales
lyes

Of nymphs that by them danc'd their Haydige
For all those powers were ready to embrace
The present meanes, to give our shepheards
grace.

And underneath this tree (till Thetis came)
Many resorted; where a swaine, of name
Lesse, then of worth: (and we doe never owne
Nor apprehend him best, that most is knowne
Fame is uncertaine, who so swiftly flies
By th' unregarded shed where Vertue lies,
She (ill inform'd of Vertue's worth) pursueth
(In haste) Opinion for the simple Truth.
True Fame is ever likened to our shade,
He soonest misseth her, that most hath made
To over-take her; who so takes his wing,
Regardlesse of her, she'll be following:

her true proprietie she thus discovers,
Love's her contemners, and contemnes her
“ lovers.”

Applause of common people never yet
refu'd this swaine; he knew't the counterfeit
settled praise, and therefore at his songs
though all the shepheards and the gracefull
throngs

femi-gods compar'd him with the best
that ever touch'd a reede, or was addrest
shepherd's coate, he never would approve
their attributes, given in sincerest love;
except he truely knew them, as his merit.
He gives a second life to such a spirit.

This swaine, intreated by the mirthfull rout,
that with intwined armes lay round about
the tree 'gainst which he lean'd. (So have I
seene

our Piper stand upon our village greene,
beck't with the May-pole, whilst a jocund crew
gentle motion circularly threw
themselves about him.) To his fairest ring
thus 'gan in numbers well according sing:

VENUS by Adonis' side
Crying kist, and kissing cryde,
Wrung her hands and tore her hayre
For Adonis dying there

Stay, (quoth she) O stay and live!
Nature surely doth not give
To the earth her sweetest flowres
To be seene but some few houres.

On his face, still as he bled
For each dropt a teare she shed,
Which she kist or wipt away,
Else had drown'd him where he lay.

Faire Proserpina (quoth she)
Shall not have thee yet from me;
Nor thy soule to flye begin
While my lips can keepe it in.

Here she clos'd again. And some
Say, Apollo would have come
To have cur'd his wounded lym,
But that she had smother'd him.

Looke as a traveller in summer's day
Nye chookt with dust, and molt with Titan's ray

Long

gs for a spring to coole his inward heate,
to that end, with vows, doth heaven
intreat,

en going further, findes an apple-tree
ding as did old Hospitalitie,

a ready-arnes to succour any needes :)

re pluckes an apple, tastes it, and it breedes

reat a liking in him for his thirst,

up he climbs, and gathers to the first

cond, third; nay, will not cease to pull

he have got his cap and pockets full.

things long desir'd so well esteemed are,

at when they come we hold them better

“ farre.

ere is no meane 'twixt what we love and

“ want,

fire, in men, is so predominant.”

esse did all this quaint assembly long

doth the traveller: this shepherd's song

so ensnar'd each acceptable eare,

but a second, nought could bring them

cleare

an affected snare; had Orpheus beene

ng, some distance from them, he had seene

one to stirre a foote for his rare straine,

est the Thracian for the English swaine.

Or had suspicious Juno (when her Jove
 Into a cove transform'd his fairest * love)
 Great Inachus' sweet stem in durance given
 To this yong lad; the † messenger of heaven
 (Faire Maia's off-spring) with the dept of art
 That ever Jove to Hermes might impart,
 In sing'ring of a reede, had never wonne
 Poore Iö's freedome. And though Arctor's sonne
 (Hundred-ey'd Argus) might be lull'd by him,
 And loose his pris'ner: yet in every lym
 That God of wit had felt this shepherd's skill.
 And by his charmes brought from the muse's hill
 Inforc'd to sleepe; then, rob'd of pipe and rod,
 And vanquish'd so, turne swaine, this swaine
 God.

Yet to this lad not wanted Envie's sting,
 ("He's not worth ought, that's not worth en-
 vying.")

Since many at his praise were seene to grutch,
 For as a miller in his boulting hutch
 Drives out the pure meale neerly, (as he can)
 And in his sifter leaves the courser bran:
 So doth the canker of a poet's name
 Let slip such lines as might inherit Fame,

* Iö.

† Mercury. See Nonnus, Dyonyf. l. 3. Ovid.
 Metam. l. 1.

and from a volume culls some small amisse,
 to fire such dogged spleenes as mate with his.
 et, as a man that (by his art) would bring
 the ceaselesse current of a christall spring
 to over-looke the lowly flowing head,
 cracks, by degrees, his soder'd pipes of lead,
 beneath the fount, whereby the water goes
 high, as a well that on a mountaine flowes :
 when Detraction and a Cynnick's tongue
 have sunke Desert unto the depth of wrong,
 that, the eye of skill, True Worth shall see
 to brave the starres, though low his passage be.
 But, here I much digresse, yet pardon, swaines :
 or as a maiden gath'ring on the plaines
 sentfull nosegay (to set neere her pap,
 or as a favour, for her shepherd's cap)
 seene farre off to stray, if she have spide
 flower that might increase her posie's pride :
 if to wander I am sometime prest,
 tis for a straine that might adorne the rest.
 Requests, that with deniall could not meet,
 ew to our shepherd, and the voyces sweet
 of fairest nymphes intreating him to say-
 That wight he lov'd ; he thus began his lay :

SHALL I tell you whom I love?

Hearken then a while to me;
And if such a woman move
As I now shall versifie;
Be assur'd, 'tis she, or none
That I love, and love alone.

Nature did her so much right,
As she scornes the help of Art.
In as many Vertue's dight
As e're yet imbrac'd a hart.
So much Good so truely tride
Some for lesse were deifide.

Wit she hath without desire
To make knowne how much she hath;
And her Anger flames no higher
Then may fitly sweeten wrath.
Full of Pitty as may be,
Though perhaps not so to me.

Reason masters every sense,
And her Vertues grace her Birth:
Lovely as all excellence,
Modest in her most of mirth:
Likelihood enough to prove
Onely Worth could kindle Love.

Such she is: and if you know

Such a one as I have sung;

Be she browne, or faire, or so,

That she be but somewhile young;

Be assur'd, 'tis she, or none

That I love, and love alone.

Eöus and his fellows in the teame,

Who, since their wat'ring in the westernne
streame,

Had run a furious journey to appease

The night sicke eyes of our antipodes.)

Now (sweating) were in our horizon seene

To drinke the cold dew from each flowry greene:

When Triton's trumpet (with a shrill command)

Old, silver-footed Thetis was at hand.

As I have seene when on the brest of Thames

The heavenly beavy of sweet English dames,

Some calme ev'ning of delightfull May,

With musicke give a farewell to the day,

As they would (with an admired tone)

Meet night's ascension to her eben throne,

Capt with their melodië, a thousand more

Un to be wafted from the bounding shore:

So ran the shepheards, and with hasty feet

Prove which should first increase that happy
fleet.

* Eöus, Pyrocis, Æthon, and Phlegon, were fained
to be the horses of the sun.

The true * prefagers of a coming storme
Teaching their fins, to steere them, to the forme
Of Thetis will; like boates at anchor stood,
As ready to convey the muse's brood
Into the brackish lake, that seem'd to swell,
As proud so rich a burden on it fell. †

Ere their arrivall ‡ Astrophel had done
His shepherd's lay, yet equaliz'd of none.
Th' admired mirrour, glory of our isle,
Thou farre-farre-more then mortall man, who
stile,

Stroke more men dumbe to harken to thy song
Then Orpheus' harpe, or Tully's golden tongue
To him (as right) for wit's deepe quintessence,
For honour, value, virtue, excellence,
Be all the garlands, crowne his tombe with bay,
Who spake as much as ere our tongue can say.

Happy Arcadia! while such lovely straines
Sung of thy vallyes, rivers, hills and plaines;
Yet most unhappy other joyes among,
That never heard'st his musicke nor his song.
Deafe men are happy so, whose vertues praise
(Unheard of them) are sung in tunefull layes.

An

* Dolphins.

† Gesner de Aquatilibus, Hist. Naural. l.4. p.426

‡ Sir Philip Sidney.

d pardon me ye sisters of the mountaine,
 o wayle his losse from the Pegasian fountaine;
 (like a man for portraiture unable)
 let my pencill to Apelles' table;
 dare to draw his curtaine, with a will
 shew his true worth, when the artist's skill
 thin that curtiane fully doth expresse,
 owne art's-mastry my unablensse.
 He sweetly touched, what I harshly hit,
 thus I glory in what I have writ;
 they began (and if a wit so meane
 y taste with him the dewes of Hippocrene)
 ng the past'rall next; his muse, my mover:
 d on the plaines full many a pensive lover
 ll sing us to their loves, and praising be,
 humble lines, the more, for praising thee.
 us we shall live with them, by rockes, by
 springs,
 well as Homer by the death of Kings,
 Then in a straine beyond an oaten quill
 e learned † shepheard of faire Hitching hill
 ng the heroicke deeds of Greece and Troy,
 ines, so worthy life, that I imploy
 reede in vaine to overtake his fame.
 praisefull tongues doe waite upon that name.

Our

See b. i. f. 2.

Mr. Chapman, who translated the works of
 mer.

Our second Ovid, the most pleasing muse
 That heav'n did e're in mortal's braine infuse
 All-loved Draiton, in soule-raping straines,
 A genuine noate, of all the nimphish traines
 Began to tune; on it all eares were hung
 As sometime Dido's on Æneas' tongue.

Johnson whose full of merit to rehearse
 Too copious is to be confinde in verse;
 Yet therein onely fittest to be knowne,
 Could any write a line which he might owne,
 One, so judicious; so well knowing; and
 A man whose least worth is to understand;
 One so exact in all he doth preferre,
 To able censure; for the theater
 Not Seneca transcends his worth of praise;
 Who writes him well shall well deserve the bayes

Well-languag'd Danyel: Brooke, * who
 polisht lines

Are fittest to accomplish high designes;
 Whose pen (it seemes) still young Apollo guides
 Worthy the forked hill for ever glides
 Streames from thy braine, so faire, that time
 shall see

Thee honor'd by thy verse, and it by thee.
 And when thy temple's well deserving bayes,
 Might impe a pride in thee to reach thy praise,

* Christopher Brooke.

in a christall glasse, fill'd to the ring
 with the cleare water of as cleare a spring
 steady-hand may very safely drop
 some quantitie of gold, yet o're the top
 not force the liquor run; although before
 the glasse (of water) could containe no more:
 yet so all-worthy Brooke though all men sound
 with plummetts of just praise thy skill profound,
 thou in thy verse those attributes canst take
 and not apparent ostentation make,
 that any second can thy vertues raise,
 giving as much to hide as merit praise.
 * Davies and Wither, by whose muse's power
 naturall day to me seemes but an houre,
 could I ever heare their learned layes,
 these would turne to artificiall dayes.
 these sweetly chanted to the Queene of waves,
 she prais'd, and what she prais'd no tongue
 depraves.

when base contempt (unworthy our report)
 from the muses and their faire resort,
 and exercise thy spleene on men like thee:
 such are more fit to be contemn'd then we.
 tis not the rancour of a cank'red heart
 that can debase the excellence of art,

Not

* Not Sir John, but John Davies of Hereford.

Nor great in titles make our worth obey,
 Since we have lines farre more esteem'd than
 they.

For there is hidden in a poet's name
 A spell that can command the wings of Fame,
 And maugre all Oblivion's hated birth
 Begin their immortalitie on earth,
 When he that 'gainst a muse with hate combined
 May raise his toombe in vaine to reach our lyne

Thus Thetis rides along the narrow seas
 Encompast round with lovely Naides,
 With gaudy nymphes, and many a skilful
 swaine

Whose equals, earth, cannot produce againe,
 But leave the times and men that shall succeed
 them.

Enough to praise that age which so did breed
 them.

Two of the quaintest swaines that yet have
 beene

Faild their attendance on the Ocean's Queene,
 Ramond and Doridon, whose haplesse fates
 Late sever'd them from their more happy mates
 For (gentle swaines) if you remember well
 When last I sung on brim of yonder dell,
 And as I ghesse it was that sunny morne,
 When in the grove thereby my sheepe were
 shorne, I weene

eeene I tolde you, while the shepheard's yong
 re at their past'rall, and their rurall song,
 e shrikes of some poore maide fallen in mis-
 chance,

okt their aide, and drew them from their
 dance :

ch ran a sev'rall way to helpe the maide;
 he tow'rd the vally, some the green wood
 straid :

re one the thicket beates, and there a swaine
 enters the hidden caves, but all in vaine.

or could they finde the wight whose shrikes
 and cry

ew through the gentle ayre so heavily,
 or see or man or beast, whose cruell teene
 ould wrong a maiden or in grave or greene.
 eke then return'd they all to end their sport
 at Doridon and Remond; who resort
 eke to those places which they erst had fought,

or could a thicket be by Nature wrought
 such a webb, so intricate, and knit
 strong with bryers, but they would enter it.

mond, his Fida cals; Fida the woods
 esound againe, and Fida speake the floods,
 s if the rivers and the hills did frame
 themselves no small delight, to heare her name.

e she appears not. Doridon would now
 ave call'd his love too, but he knew not how :

Much

Much like a man who dreaming in his sleepe
 That he is falling from some mountaine sleepe
 Into a foundlesse lake, about whose brim
 A thousand crocodiles doe waite for him,
 And hangs but by one bough and should thus
 breake

His life goes with it; yet to cry or speake,
 Though faine he would, can move nor voyce
 nor tongue:

So when he Remond heard the woods among
 Call for his Fida, he would gladly too
 Have call'd his fairest love, but knew not who,
 Or what to call; poore lad, that canst not tell
 Nor speake the name of her thou lov'st so well.

Remond by hap neere to the arbour found
 Where late the hynd was slayne, the hurtlesse
 ground

Besmeared with blood; to Doridon he cride,
 And tearing then his hayre, O haplesse tide
 (Quoth he) behold! some cursed hand hath tare
 From Fida this; O what infernall bane,
 Or more then hellish fiend inforced this!
 Pure as the streame of aged Symois,
 And as the spotlesse lilly was her soule!
 Ye sacred powers that round about the pole
 Turne in your sphears! O could you see this deed,
 And keepe your motion? If the * eldest seed

Of

* Jupiter.

chained Saturne hath so often beene
hunts and in shepherd's habit seene
trace our woods, and on our fertile plaines
to shepherd's daughters with melodious
straines,

ere was he now, or any other powre?
many sev'rall lambs have I each howre
crooked horned rams brought to your
shrines,

d with perfumes clouded the sun that shines,
now forsaken? to an uncouth state
all things run, if such will be ingrate.

Cease Remond (quoth the boy) no more
complaine,

y fairest Fida lives; nor doe thou staine

th vilde reproaches any power above,

ey all as much as thee have beene in love:

urne his Rhea; Jupiter had store,

lō, Leda, Europa, and more;

rs entred Vulcan's bed, pertooke his joy;

rbus had Daphne and the * sweet-fac'd boy;

mus Adonis; and the God of Wit

chastest bonds was to the Muses knit,

and yet remaines so, nor can any sever

s love, but brother-like affects them ever;

changefull Cinthia her Endimion had,

oft on Latmus sported with that lad:

IF

* Hyacinth.

If these were subject, (as all mortall men)
Unto the golden shafts, they could not then
But by their owne affections rightly ghesse
Her death would draw on thine; thy wretched
 nesse

Charge them respectlesse; since no swaine the
thee

Hath off'red more unto each deitie.

But feare not Remond, for those sacred pow'rs
Tread on oblivion; no desert of ours
Can be intoomb'd in their celestiaall breasts;
They weigh our off'rings, and our solemn
feasts,

And they forget thee not: Fida (thy deere)
Treads on the earth, the bloud that's sprinkled
here

Nere fill'd her veynes, the hynd posselt this gone
See where the coller lyes she whilome wore;
Some dog hath slaine her, or the griping carle
That spoiles our plaines in digging them
marle.

Looke as two little brothers who addrest
To search the hedges for a thrush's nest,
And have no sooner got the leavy spring,
When mad in lust with fearefull bellowing
A strong-neckt bull pursues throughout the field
One climbs a tree, and takes that for his shield

hence looking from one pasture to another,
 that might betide to his much-loved brother,
 rather then can his over-drowned eyes
 might perceive, the furious beast he spyes,
 see something on his hornes, he knowes not
 what;

at one thing feares, and therefore thinkes it
 that :

then comming nigher he doth well discerne
 of the wondrous-one-night-feeding ferne
 me bundle was: yet thence he home-ward
 goes

enlive and sad, nor can abridge the throes
 as feare began, but still his minde doth move
 to the worst: "Mistrust goes still with love."
 far'd it with our shepheard, though he saw
 not ought of Fida's rayment, which might draw
 more suspicion; though the collar lay
 here on the grasse, yet goes he thence away
 all of mistrust, and vowes to leave that plaine
 all he embrace his chastest love againe.

love-wounded Doridon entreats him then
 that he might be his partner, since no men
 had cases liker; he with him would goe,
 sleepe when he wept, and sigh when he did so:
 quoth the boy, will sing thee songs of love,
 and as we sit in some all-shady grove,

Where Philomela and such sweet'ned throates,
Are for the mastery tuning various noates,
'I'll strive with them, and tune so sad a verse,
That whilst to thee my fortunes I rehearse
No bird but shall be mute, her noate decline,
And cease her woe, to lend an eare to mine,
I'll tell thee tales of love, and shew thee how
The gods have wand'red as we shepheards now
And when thou plain'st thy Fida's losse, will I
Eccho the same, and with mine owne, supply
Know Remond I do love, but well-a-day
I know not whom; but as the gladsome May
She's faire and lovely, as a goddesse she
(If such as her's a goddesse beauty be)
First stood before me, and inquiring was
How to the marish she might soonest passe,
When rusht a villaine in, hell be his lot,
And drew her thence, since when I saw her no
Nor know I where to search; but if thou please
'Tis not a Forrest, mountaine, rockes, or seas,
Can in thy journey stop my going on.
Fate so may smile on haplesse Doridon,
That he reblest may be with her faire sight
Though thence his eyes possesse eternall night
Remond agreed, and many weary dayes:
They now had spent in unfrequented wayes:
About the rivers, vallies, holts, and crags,
Among the ozyers and the waving flags,

They neerely pry, if any dens there be,
 There from the sun might harbour crueltie:
 If they could the bones of any spy,
 Or torne by beasts, or humane tyranny,
 They close inquirie make in caverns blinde,
 Yet what they looke for would be death to
 finde,

As a curious man that would diserie
 Lead by the trembling hand of Jealousie)
 If his faire wife have wrong'd his bed or no,
 Meetseth his torment if he finde her so.

One ev'n e're Phœbus (neere the golden shore
 Of Tagus' streame) his journey gan give o're,
 They had ascended up a woody hill
 Where oft the Fauni with their bugles shrill
 Wakened the eccho, and with many a shout
 Follow'd the fearefull deere the woods about,
 Or through the breakes that hide the craggy
 rockes,

Went to the hole where lyes the wily foxe.)
 Thence they beheld an underlying vale
 Where Flora set her rarest flowres at sale,
 Whither the thriving bee came oft to sucke
 them,
 And fairest nymphes to decke their haire did
 plucke them.

Where oft the goddesses did run at base,
And on white hearts begun the wilde-goose
chase:

Here various Nature seem'd adorning this,
In imitation of the fields of blisse;
Or as she would intice the soules of men
To leave Elizium, and live here agen.
Not Hybla mountaine in the jocund prime
Upon her many bushes of sweet thyme
Shewes greater number of industrious bees,
Then were the birds that sung there on the tree
Like the trim windings of a wanton lake,
That doth his passage through a meadow make
Ran the delightfull vally 'twene two hills:
From whose rare trees the precious balme distils
And hence Apollo had his simples good
That cur'd the gods, hurt by the earth's
brood.

A christall river on her bosome slid,
And (passing) seem'd in sullen mutt'rings chide
The artlesse songsters, that their musicke still
Should charme the sweet dale, and the wisht
hill,

Not suffering her shrill waters as they run
Tun'd with a whistling gale in unison,
To tell as high they priz'd the bord'red vale,
As the quick lennet or sweet nightingale.

Down

From a steepe rocke came the water first,
 Where lusty satyres often quench'd their thirst)
 And with no little speed seem'd all in haste
 To the lovely bottome had imbrac'd:
 When as intranc'd to heare the sweet birds sing,
 Curled whirpooles she her course doth bring,
 Loath to leave the songs that lull'd the dale,
 Waiting time when she and some soft gale
 Could speake what true delight they did possesse
 Among the rare flowres which the vally dresse.
 Since those quaint musitians would not stay,
 Nor suffer any to be heard but they:
 Much like a little lad who gotten new
 To play his part amongst a skilfull crew
 Choise musitians, on some softer string
 That is not heard; the other's fingering
 Prowning his art; the boy would gladly get
 Applause with others that are of his set,
 And therefore strikes a stroke loud as the best
 And often descants when his fellowes rest;
 That, to be heard (as usuall fingers do)
 Boiles his owne musicke and his part'ners too:
 At the further end the waters fell
 From off an high bancke downe a lowly dell,
 They had vow'd ere passing from that ground,
 The birds should be inforc'd to heare their
 sound.

No small delight the shepheards tooke to see
 A * coombe so dight in Flora's livery,
 Where faire Feronia † honor'd in the woods,
 And all the Deities that haunt the floods,
 With powrefull Nature strove to frame a plot,
 Whose like the sweet Arcadia yeelded not.

Downe through the arched wood the shep
 heard's wend,

And seeke all places that might helpe their end
 When comming neere the bottome of the hill
 A deepe fetch'd sigh which seem'd of power
 kill

The breast that held it, pierc'd the list'ning wood
 Whereat the carefull swaines no longer stood
 Where they were looking on a tree, whose rynd
 A love-knot held which two joyn'd hearts in
 twynde ;

But searching round, upon an aged root
 Thicke lynde with mosse, which (though to litt
 boot)

Seem'd as a shelter it had lending beene
 Against cold winter's stormes and wreakfu
 teene ;

* Vally.

† According to that of Silius, lib. XIII. Punico
 —Itur in agros Dives ubi ante omnes colitur Feronia
 luco.

clad the stocke in summer with that hue,
 as withered branches not a long time knew :
 in his hollow trunke and perish'd graine
 the cuckowe now had many a winter laine,
 and thriving pismires laid their egges in store ;
 the dormouse slept there, and a many more.
 ere fate the lad, of whom I thinke of olde
 Virgil's prophétique spirit had foretold,
 who whilst dame Nature for her cunning's
 fake.

male or female doubted which to make,
 and to adorne him, more than all, assaid,
 this pritty youth was almost made a maid.
 adly he fate, (and as would grieve) alone,
 as if the boy and tree had beene one,
 Whilst downe neere boughs did drops of amber
 creepe,

as if his sorrow made the trees to weepe.
 if ever this were true in Ovid's verse
 That teares have powre an adamant to pierce,
 Or move things void of sence, 'twas here ap-
 prov'd.

Things vegetative, once, his teares have mov'd.
 Surely the stones might well be drawne, in pitty
 To burst that he should mone, as for a ditty
 To come and range themselves in order all,
 And of their owne accord raise Thebes a wall.

Or

Or else his teares (as did the other's song)
Might have th' attractive power to move the
throng

Of all the forrests, citizens, and woods,
With ev'ry denizon of ayre and floods,
To sit by him and grieve; to leave their jarres,
Their strifes, dissensions, and all civill warres;
And though else disagreeing, in this one
Mourning for him should make an union.
For whom the heavens would weare a fable sute,
If men, beasts, fishes, birds, trees, stones, were
mute.

His eyes were fixed (rather fixed starres)
With whom it seem'd his tears had beene in
warres,

The diff'rence this (a hard thing to discry)
Whether the drops were clearest or his eye.
Teares fearing conquest to the eye might fall,
An inundation brought and drowned all.
Yet like true Vertue from the top of state
(Whose hopes wilde Envy hath seene ruinate)
Being lowly cast, her goodnesse doth appeare.
(Uncloath'd of greatnesse) more apparant cleere:
So though dejected, yet remain'd a feature
Made sorrow sweet plac'd in so sweet a creature.
"The test of misery the truest is,
"In that none hath, but what is surely his.

His

Armes a-crosse, his sheep-hooke lay beside
 him :
 And Venus pass'd this way, and chanc'd t' have
 spide him,
 With open brest, lockes on his shoulders spred,
 She would have sworne (had she not seene him
 dead ;)
 Was Adonis; or if e're there was
 A transmigration by Pithagoras,
 So soules, that certaine then, her lost-loves spirit
 Fairer body never could inherit.
 The pipe which often wont upon the plaine
 Found the Dorian, Phrygian, Lydian straine,
 Lay from his hooke and bagge cleane cast apart,
 And almost broken like his maker's heart.
 Till the two kinde shepheards neere him stept,
 And he nothing spake, but that he wept.
 Cease gentle lad (quoth Remond) let no teare
 Obscure those sweet beauties in thy face appeare ;
 Why dost thou call-on that which comes alone,
 And will not leave thee till thyselfe art gone ?
 Thou maist have grieve when other things are
 Left thee,
 Else may slide away, this still is left thee ;
 And when thou wantest other company
 Morrow will ever be imbracing thee.

But

But fairest swaine what cause hast thou of woe
 Thou hast a well-fleec'd flocke feede to and fro
 (His sheepe along the vally that time fed
 Not farre from him, although unfollowed)
 What doe thy yewes abortive bring? or lambs
 For want of milke seeke to their fellowes damps
 No gryping land-lord hath inclos'd thy walkes
 Nor toyling plowman furrow'd them in balke
 Ver hath adorn'd thy pastures all in greene
 With clover-grasse as fresh as may be seene:
 Cleare gliding springs refresh thy meadow
 heate,

Meades promise to thy charge their winter
 meate,

And yet thou griev'st. O! had some swaine
 thy store;

Their pipes should tell the woods they ask'd
 more.

Or have the Parcae with unpartiall knife
 Left some friend's body tenantlesse of life,
 And thou bemon'st that Fate in his youth
 morne

Ore-cast with clods his light but newly borne?

"Count not how many yeers he is bereav'd,

"But those which he possesse and had receiv'd

"If I may tread no longer on this stage,

"Though others thinke me yong; it is mine age

"F

or who so hath his fate's full period told,
 He full of yeeres departs, and dyeth old."
 Be that Avarice thy mind hath crost,
 And so thy fighes are for some trifle lost.
 Why shouldst thou hold that deare the world
 throwes on thee?
 Thinke nothing good which may be taken
 from thee."
 As some pond'rous weight or massie packe,
 Is to be carryed on a porter's back,
 So make his strong joynts cracke and forceth
 him
 to augre the helpe of every nerve and lym,
 To straggle in his gate, and goeth double,
 Bending to earth, such is his burden's trouble:
 Any one by Avarice ingirt,
 And prest with wealth, lyes groveling in the
 dirt.
 His wretched minde bends to no poynt but this
 That who hath most of wealth hath most of
 blisse.
 Hence comes the world to seeke such traffique
 forth
 And passages through the congealed north,
 Who when their haire with icicles are hung,
 And that their chatt'ring teeth confound their
 tongue,

Shew

Shew them a glitt'ring stone; will streight way
say,

If paines thus prosper, oh what fooles wou
play?

Yet I could tell them (as I now doe thee)

" In getting wealth we lose our libertie.

" Besides, it robs us of our better powres,

" And we should be ourselves were these
ours.

" He is not poorest that hath least in store,

" But he which hath enough yet asketh more:

" Nor is he rich by whom are all possesst

" But he which nothing hath, yet asketh least.

" If thou a life by Nature's leading pitch,

" Thou never shalt be poore, nor never rich

" Led by Opinion; for their states are such,

" Nature but little seekes, Opinion much."

Amongst the many buds proclaiming May

(Decking the fields in holy-daye's aray,

Striving who shall surpasse in bravery)

Marke the faire blooming of the hawthorne
tree;

Who finely cloathed in a robe of white,

Feeds full the wanton eye with May's delight;

Yet for the bravery that she is in

Doth neyther handle carde nor wheele to * spin,

* Luke c. 12. v. 27. Spenser's Fairie Queen, b. 2.
c. 6. l. 16. ver. 8. and Prior's Solomon, b. 1.

er changeth robes but twice, is never seene
other colours then in white or greene.

erne then content yong shepheard from this
tree,

hose greatest wealth is Nature's livery ;
d richest ingots never toyle to finde,
r care for povertie but of the * minde.

This spoke yong Remond : yet the mourne-
full lad

et once replyde ; but with a smile though sad,
stooke his head, then crost his armes againe,
d from his eyes did showres of salt teares
rain ;

hich wrought so on the swains, they could not
smother

their sighes, but spent them freely as the other.

all us (quoth Doridon) thou fairer farre

en † he whose chastitie made him a starre,

ore fit to throw the wounding shafts of love,

en follow sheepe and pine here in a grove.

do not hide thy sorrowes, shew them brieft ;

He oft findes ayde that doth disclose his
griefe."

thou wouldst it continue, thou dost wrong ;

No man can sorrow very much and long :"

For

* Mat. c. 5. v. 3.

† Hippolitus.

For thus much loving Nature hath dispos'd,
That 'mongst the woes that have us round
 clos'd,

That comfort's left (and we should blest
 for't)

That we may make our griefes be borne, or
Beleeve me shepherd we are men no lesse
Free from the killing throes of heavineffe
Then thou art here, and but this diff'rence
That use hath made us apter to endure.

More he had spoke, but that a bugle shrill
Rung through the vally from the higher hill,
And as they turn'd them tow'rd the hart
 found,

A gallant stag as if he scorn'd the ground
Came running with the winde, and bore
 head

As he he had been the King of Forrests bred.
Not swifter comes the Messenger of heaven,
Or winged vessell with a full gale driven,
Nor the swift swallow flying neere the ground
By which the ayres distemp'rature is found:
Nor Mirrha's course, nor Daphna's speedy flight
Shunning the daliance of the God of light,
Then seem'd the stag, that had no sooner
 them

But in a trice their eyes as quickly lost him.

The weeping swaine ne're mov'd, but as his
eyes

ere onely given to shew his miseries,
tended those; and could not once be won
leave that object whence his teares begun.
O had that * man, who (by a tyrant's hand)
eing his children's bodies strew the sand
d he next morne for torment's prest to goe,
t from his eyes not let one small teare flow,
t being ask'd how well he bore their losse,
ke to a man affliction could not crosse
e stoutly answer'd: "Happier sure are they
Then I shall be by space of one short day:"
o more his grieve was. But had he beene here
e had beene flint had he not spent a teare.
r still that man the perfecter is knowne,
ho other's sorrowes feeles more then his owne.
Remond and Doridon were turning then
nto the most disconsolate of men,
t that a gallant dame, faire as the morne,
r lovely bloomes the peach-tree that adorne,
ad in a changing filke, whose lustre shone
ke yealow flowres and grasse farre off, in one;
r like the mixture Nature doth display
pon the quaint wings of the popiniay,
er horne about her necke with silver tip,
oo hard a mettall for so soft a lip:

Which

* Phiton.

Which it no oft'ner kist, then Jove did frown
 And in a mortal's shape would faine come down
 To feede upon those dainties, had not he
 Beene still kept backe by Juno's jealousie.
 And ivory dart she held of good command,
 White was the bone, but whiter was her hand
 Of many pieces was it neatly fram'd,
 But more the hearts were that her eyes inflam'd
 Upon her head a greene light filken cap,
 A piece of white lawne shadow'd eyther pap,
 Betweene which hillockes many Cupid's lay,
 Where with her necke or with her teates she
 play,

Whilst her quicke hart will not with them
 pence,
 But heaves her brests as it would beate the
 thence,

Who fearing much to lose so sweet repaire
 Take faster hold by her dishevell'd haire.
 Swiftly she ran; the sweet bryers to receive her
 Slit their imbracements, and (as loath to let
 her)

Stretch'd themselves to their length: yet on
 goes.

So great Diana frayes a heard of roes
 And speedy followes: Arethusa fled
 So from the * river that her ravished.

* Alpheus.

When this brave huntresse neere the shep-
 heard's drew,
 Her lilly arme in full extent she threw,
 And plucke a little bough (to fanne her face)
 From off a thicke leav'd ash: (no tree did grace
 The low grove as did this, the branches spread
 Like Neptune's Trident upwards from the head.)
 Sooner did the grieved shepheard see
 The nymph's white hand extended tow'rds the
 tree,
 Than rose and to her ran, yet she had done
 Ere he came neere, and to the wood was gone;
 But now approach'd the bough the huntresse
 tore,
 And suckt it with his mouth, and kist it o're
 Hundred times, and softly gan it binde
 With dock-leaves; and a slip of willow rinde.
 Then round the trunk he wreathes his weak'ned
 armes,
 And with his scalding teares the smooth barke
 warmes,
 Sighing and groaning, that the shepherds by
 Forgot to helpe him, and lay down to cry:
 For 'tis impossible a man should be
 Griv'd to himselfe or faile of company."
 Such the two swaines admir'd, but pittie'd more
 That he no powre of words had, to deplore

Or shew what sad misfortune 'twas befell
 To him whom Nature (seem'd) regarded well,
 As thus they lay, and while the speechless
 swaine

His teares and sighes spent to the woods in vaine
 One like a wilde man over-growne with hayre,
 His nayles long growne, and all his body bare,
 Save that a wreath of ivy twist did hide
 Those part which Nature would not have dis-
 cride,

And the long hayre that curled from his head
 A grassie garland rudely covered.

But shepheards I have wrong'd you, 'tis now
 late

For see our maid stands hollowing on yond gate,
 'Tis supper-time, with all, and we had need
 Make haste away, unlesse we meane to speed
 With those that kisse the hares foot: Rhumer
 are bred

Some say by going supperlesse to bed,
 And those I love not; therefore cease my rime
 And put my pipes up till another time.

R I T A N N I A's

P A S T O R A L S.

THE SECOND BOOKE.

THE THIRD SONG.

THE ARGUMENT.

*A Redbreſt doth from pining ſave
Marina ſhut in Famine's cave.
The Golden-age deſcribed plaine,
And Limos by the ſhepheards ſlaine,
Doe give me leave a while to move
My pipe of Tavy and his love.*

ALAS! that I have done ſo great a wrong
to the faireſt maiden of my ſong,
wine Marina, who in Limos' cave
es ever fearefull of a living grave,
d night and day upon the hard'ned ſtones,
its, if a reſt can be amongſt the mones
dying wretches; where each minute all
and ſtill afraid to heare their death's-man call.
Thrice had the golden ſun his hote ſteedes waſht
the weſt maine, and thrice them ſmartly laſht

Out of the baulmy east, since the sweet maide
Had in that dismall cave beene sadly laid.

Where hunger pinch'd her so, she need not stand
In feare of murd'ring by a second hand :

For through her tender sides such darts might
passe,

'Gainst which strong wals of stone, thicke gates
of brasse

Deny no ent'rance, nor the camps of Kings,
Since soonest there they bend their flaggy wings

But heaven that stands still for the best's avail
Lendeth his hand when humane helpings faile;

For 'twere impossible that such as she

Should be forgotten of the Deitie ;

Since in the spacious orbe could no man finde
A fairer face match'd with a fairer minde.

A little Robbin-redbreast one cleare morne,
Sate sweetly singing on a well-leav'd thorne :

Whereat Marina rose, and did admire

He durst approach from whence all else retire :

And pittying the sweet bird, what in her lay

She fully strove to fright him thence away.

Poore harmles wretch (quoth she) goe seek
some spring,

And to her sweet fall with thy fellowes sing ;

Fly to the well-replenish'd groves, and there

Doe entertaine each swaine's harmonious eare ;

Traver

traverse the winding branches ; chant so free
 that every lover fall in love with thee ;
 and if thou chance to see that lovely boy
 (to looke on whom the Silvans count a joy)
 whom I lov'd no sooner then I lost,
 whose body all the graces hath ingroft,
 to him unfold (if that thou dar'st to be
 neare a neighbour to my tragedie)
 as farre as can thy voyce, (in plants so sad,
 and in so many mournfull accents clad,
 that as thou singst upon a tree thereby
 he may some small time weepe, yet know not
 why)

Now I in death was his, though powres divine
 will not permit that he in life be mine.
 Be this thou loving bird ; and haste away
 to the woods : but if so be thou stay
 to doe a deede of charitie on me
 Then my pure soule shall leave mortalitie,
 by cov'ring this poore body with a sheet
 of greene leaves, gath'ed from a vally sweet ;
 this is in vaine : these harmeleffe lims must have
 than in the caityfe's wombe, no other grave.
 Hence then sweet robin ; least in staying long
 at once thou chance forgoe both life and song.
 With this she husht him thence, he sung no more,
 at (fraid the second time) flew tow'rds the shore.

Within as short time as the swiftest swaine
 Can to our May-pole run and come againe,
 The little Red-brest to the prickled thorne
 Return'd, and sung there as he had before.
 And faire Marina to the loope-hole went,
 Pittying the pretty bird, whose punishment
 Limos would not deferre if he were spide.
 No sooner had the bird the maiden eyde,
 But leaping on the rocke, downe from a bough
 He takes a cherry up (which he but now
 Had thither brought, and in that place had hid
 Till to the cleft his song had drawne the maid)
 And flying with the small stem in his bill,
 (A choiser fruit, than hangs on Bacchus' * hill)
 In faire Marina's bosome tooke his rest,
 A heavenly seat fit for so sweet a guest:
 Where Citherea's doves might billing fit,
 And gods and men with envy looke on it;
 Where rose two mountaines, whose rare sweet
 to crop

Was harder then to reach Olympus' top:
 For those the gods can; but to climbe these hills
 Their powres no other were then mortall wils.
 Here left the bird the cherry, and anone
 Forsooke her bosome, and for more is gone,
 Making such speedy flights into the thicke,
 That she admir'd he went and came so quick.

Ther

* Cithæron in Boetia.

Then least his many cherries should distast,
Some other fruit he brings than he brought last.
Sometime of strawberries a little stem,
Of changing colours as he gath'ed them :
Some greene, some white, some red on them
infus'd,
These lov'd, those fear'd, they blush'd to be so us'd.
The peascod greene, oft with no little toyle
He'd seeke for in the fattest fertil't soile,
And rend it from the stalke to bring it to her,
And in her bosom for acceptance woo her.
No berry in the grove or forrest grew,
That fit for nourishment the kinde bird knew,
Nor any powrefull hearb in open field,
To serve her brood the teeming earth did yeeld,
But with his utmost industry he sought it,
And to the cave for chaste Marida brought it.
So from one well-stor'd garden to another,
To gather simples runs a carefull mother,
Whose onely childe lyes on the shaking bed
Grip'd with a fever, (sometime honoured
In Rome as if a * God) nor is she bent
To other herbes then those for which she went.
The feathred houres five times were over-told,
And twice as many floods and ebbs had rold

* Febrem ad minus nocendum templis colebant, ait
Val. Maximus. Vide Tullium in tertio de Nat.
Deorum, & secundo de Legibus.

The small sands out and in, since faire Marinae
(For whose long losse a hundred shepheards pine)
Was by the charitable robin fed :

For whom (had she not so beene nourished)
A hundred doves would search the sun-burnt
hills,

Or fruitfull vallies lac'd with silver rills,
To bring her olives. Th' eagle strong of sight
To countries farre remote would bend her flight
And with unwearied wing strip through the sky
To the choise plots of Gaule and Italy,
And never lin till home-ward she escape
With the pomegranat, lemmon, oringe, grape,
Or the lov'd citron, and attain'd the cave.
The well-plum'd goshawke, (by th' Egyptian
grave

Us'd in misticke characters for speede)
Would not be wanting at so great a neede,
But from the well-stor'd orchards of the land
Brought the sweet pare, (once by a cursed hand
At * Swinsted us'd with poyson, for the fall
Of one who on these plaines rul'd Lord of all.)

* One writes that King John was poison'd at Swinsted, with a dish of peares : others, there, in a cup of wine : some, that he died at Newark of the fluxe. A fourth, by the distemperature of peaches eaten in his fit of an ague. Among so many doubts, I leave you

to beleefe the author most in credit with our best antiquaries.

The sentfull Osprey by the rocke had fish'd,
 And many a prittie shrimp in scallops dish'd
 The way convay'd her; no one of the shole
 Did haunt the waves, but from his lurking hole
 He pull'd the cray-fish, and with much adoe
 He sought that the maid, and perywinkles too.
 These for others might their labours spare,
 And not with robin for their merit share.
 Yet as a heardeesse in a summer's day,
 That with the glorious sun's all-purging ray,
 In the calme evening (leaving her faire flocke)
 Takes herselfe unto a froth-girt rocke,
 In which the head-long Tavy throwes his waves,
 And foames to see the stones neglect his braves :)
 There sitting to undoe her buskins white
 And wash her neate legs, (as her use each night)
 In inamour'd flood before she can unlance
 them,
 Howles up his waves as hast'ning to imbrace
 them,
 And though to helpe them some small gale doe
 blow,
 And one of twenty can but reach her so;
 Yet will a many little surges be
 Lashing upon the rocke full busily,
 And doe the best they can to kisse her feet,
 But that their power and will, not equall meet:

So

So as she for her nurse look'd tow'ards the land
 (And now beholds the trees that grace the strand)
 Then looks upon a hill whose sliding sides
 A goodly flocke, like winter's cov'ring hides,
 And higher on some stone that jutteth out,
 Their carefull master guiding his trim rout
 By sending forth his dog, (as shepheards doe
 Or piping fate, or clouting of his shoe.)
 Whence, nearer hand drawing her wand'ring
 sight,

(So from the earth steales the all-quick'ning
 light)

Beneath the rocke, the waters, high, but late
 (I know not by what sluice or emptying gate)
 Where at a low ebb ; on the sand she spyes
 A busie bird that to and fro still flies,
 Till pitching where a hatefull oyster lay,
 Opening his close jawes, (closer none then they
 Unlesse the griping fist, or cherry lips
 Of happy lovers in their melting sips.)
 Since the decreasing waves had left him there
 He gapes for thirst, yet meetes with nought but
 ayre,

And that so hote ; ere the returning tyde,
 He in his shell is likely to be fride ;
 The wary bird a prittie pibble takes
 And claps it twixt the two pearle hiding flakes

the broad yawning oyster, and she then
 securely pickes the fish out (as some men
 tricke of policie thrust, tweene two friends,
 over their powres, and his intencion ends)
 the bird thus getting that for which she strove,
 brought it to her, to whom the Queene of Love
 serv'd as a foyle, and Cupid could no other,
 but flye to her mistaken for his mother.
 Marina from the kind bird tooke the meate,
 and (looking downe) she saw a number great
 of birds, each one a pibble in his bill,
 would doe the like, but that they wanted skill:
 some threw it in too farre, and some too short;
 this could not beare a stone fit for such sport,
 but harmelesse wretch putting in one too small,
 the oyster shuts and takes his head withall.
 another bringing one too smooth and round,
 Unhappy bird that thine owne death hast
 found)
 lyes it so little way in his hard lips,
 that with their sodaine close, the pibble slips
 so strongly forth (as when your little ones
 do twixt their fingers flip their cherry-stones)
 that it in passage meets the breast or head
 of the poore wretch, and layes him there for
 dead.
 many striv'd, and gladly would have done
 as much or more then he which first begun,

But all in vaine, scarce one of twenty could
 Performe the deede, which they full glad
 would.

For this not quicke is to that act he go'th,
 That wanteth skill, this cunning, and for
 both ;

Yet none a will, for (from the cave) she sees
 Not in all-lovely May th' industrious bees
 More busie with the flowres could be, than
 these

Among the shell-fish of the working seas.

Limos had all this while beene wanting thence
 And but just heav'n preserv'd pure innocence
 By the two birds, her life to ayre had flit]
 Ere the curst caytife should have forced it.

The first night that he left her in his den
 He got to shore, and neare th' abodes of men
 That live as we by tending of their flocks,
 To enterchange for Ceres' golden lockes,
 Or with the neatheard for his milke and cream
 Things we respect more then the Diademe
 His choise made-dishes ; O ! the golden age
 Met all contentment in no surplufage
 Of dainty viands, but (as we doe still)
 Dranke the pure water of the christall rill,
 Fed on no other meates then those they fed,
 Labour, the salad that their stomackes bred,

er sought they for the downe of silver swans,
 er those sow-thistle lockes each small gale fans,
 hydes of beasts which when they liv'd they
 kept,

er'd them for bed and cov'ring when they slept.
 any softer lay, 'twas (by the losse
 some rock's warmth) on thicke and spungy
 mosse,

on the ground: some simple wall of clay
 ring their beds from where their cattle lay.

ed on such pallats one man clipped then
 ore golden slumbers then this age agen.

at time physitians triv'd not: or if any,
 are say, all: yet then were thrice as many
 now profess't, and more; for every man
 as his owne patient and physitian.

me had a body then so weake and thin,
 k'rout of Nature's store, to feede the sinne
 an insatiate female, in whose wombe
 eld Nature all hers past, and all to come
 use, with vertue of all drugs beside,
 e might be tyr'd, but never satisfied.

please which o'ke her husband's weak'ned
 peece

ust have his cullis mixt with amber-greece,
 efant and partridge into jelly turn'd,
 ated with gold, seven times refin'd and
 burn'd,

With

With dust of orient pearle, richer the east
Yet ne're beheld: (O epicurean feast !)
This is his breakfast ; and his meale at night
Possets no lesse provoking appetite,
Whose deare ingredients valed are at more
Then all his ancestors were worth before.
When such as we by poore and simple fare
More able liv'd and dyde not without heyre,
Sprung from our owne loynes, and a spotlesse be
Of any other powre unseconed :
When th' other's issue (like a man falne sick,
Or through the fever, gout, or lunatike,
Changing his doctors oft, each as his notion
Prescribes a sev'rall dyet, sev'rall potion,
Meeting his friend (who meet we now-a-dayes
That hath not some receipt for each disease ?)
He tels him of a plaister, which he takes ;
And finding after that, his torment flakes,
(Whether because the humour is out-wrought,
Or by the skill which his phyitian brought,
It makes no matter :) for he surely thinks
None of their purges, nor their dyet drinks
Have made him sound ; but his beliefe is fast
That med'cine was his health which he took
last :

So (by a mother) being taught to call
One for his Father, though a Sonne to all,

mother's often 'scapes, (though truly
knowne)

not divert him; but will ever owne
his begetter, him, whose name and rents
must inherit. Such are the descents
these men; to make up whose limber heyra
many as in him, must have a share;
he that keeps the last yet least adoe,
serves the peoples childe, and gladly too.
happier those times were, when the flaxen
clew

fire Arachne's hand the Lydians knew,
sought not to the worme for filken threds,
rowle their bodies in, or dresse their heads.
when wife Minerva did th' Athenians learne
draw their milk-white fleeces into yarne;
knowing not the mixtures which began
colours) from the Babilonian,
wooll in Sardis dyde, more various knowne
dyes, then Iris to the world hath showne:
bowels of our mother were not ript
madre-pits, nor the sweet meadowes stript
their choise beauties, nor for Ceres' loade
fertile lands burd'ned with needlesse woade.
ough the wide seas no winged pine did goe
lands unknowne for staining indico;

Nor

Nor men in scorching clymates moar'd the
keele.

To trafficke for the costly coucheneele.

Unknowne was then the Phrygian brodery,
The Tyrian purple, and the scarlet dye,
Such as their sheepe clad, such they wove
wore,

Ruffet or white, or those mixt, and no more
Except sometimes (to bravery inclinde)

They dyde them yealow caps with alder rynde
The Græcian mantle, Tuscan robes of state,
Tissue nor cloth of gold of highest rate,
They never saw; onely in pleasant woods,
Or by th' embordered margin of the floods,
The dainty nymphs they often did behold
Clad in their light filke robes, sticht oft with
gold.

The arras hangings round their comely halls,
Wanted the cerite's web and minerals:
Greene boughes of trees with fat'ning acron
lade,

Hung full with flowres and garlands quaint
made,

Their homely cotes deck'd trim in low degree,
As now the court with richest tapistry.

Instead of cushions wrought in windowes laine,
They pick'd the cockle from their fields
graine,

Sleep

pe-bringing poppy (by the plow-men late
 without cause to Ceres' consecrate)
 being round and full at his halfe birth
 signifi'd the perfect-orbe of earth;
 by his inequalities when blowne,
 the earth's low vales and higher hills were
 showne,
 multitude of graines it held within,
 men and beasts the number noted bin;
 and she since taking care all earth to please,
 in her * Thesmophoria off' red these.
 cause that seede our elders us'd to eate,
 with-honey mixt (and was their after meate)
 since her daughter that she lov'd so well
 By him that in th' infernall shades doth dwell,
 and on the Stygian bankes for ever raignes
 Troubled with horrid cryes and noyse of
 chaines)
 fairest Proserpina) was rapt away;
 and she in plaints, the night; in teares, the day
 had long time spent; when no high power could
 give her
 any redresse; the † poppy did relieve her:

Vol. II.

H

For

* Θεισμοφόρια and δημητρια were sacrifices peculiar
 to Ceres, the one for being a law-giver, the other as
 goddess of the grounds.

† See Claudian's Rape of Proserpine.

† Vide Servium in Virg. Georg. 1.

For eating of the feedes they sleepe procur'd,
And so beguil'd those griefes she long endur'd,
Or rather since her love (then happy man)
Micon (ycleep'd) the brave Athenian,
Had beene transform'd into this gentle flowre
And his protection kept from Flora's powre.)
The daizy scattred on each meade and downe,
A golden tuft within a silver crowne
(Fayre fall that dainty flowre! and may there be
No shepheard grac'd that doth not honour thee!
The primrose, when with fixe leaves gotten grac'd
Maids as a true-love in their bosomes place;
The spotlesse lilly, by whose pure leaves be
Noted, the chaste thoughts of virginities;
Carnations sweet with colour like the fire,
The fit Impresa's for inflam'd desire;
The hare-bell for her stainlesse azur'd hue,
Claimes to be worne of none but those are true;
The rose, like ready youth, inticing stands,
And would be cropt if it might chuse the hands;
The yealow king-cup, Flora them assign'd
To be the badges of a jealous minde;
The oringe-tawny marigold: the night
Hides not her colour from a searching sight.
To thee then dearest friend (my songs chiefe
mate)

This colour chiefly I appropriate,

That

That spite of all the mists oblivion can
 Or envious frettings of a guilty man,
 Retain't thy worth; nay, mak't it more in prise,
 Like Tennis-bals throwne downe hard, highest
 rise.

The columbine in tawny often taken,
 Is then ascrib'd to such as are forsaken;
 Flora's choise buttons of a russet dye
 Hope even in the depth of misery.
 The pansie, thistle, all with prickles set,
 The cowslip, honeysuckle, violet,
 And many hundreds more that grac'd the meades,
 Gardens and groves (where beauteous Flora
 treads)

Were by the shepheards daughters (as yet are
 Us'd in our cotes) brought home with speciall
 care:

For bruising them-they not alone would quell
 But rot the rest, and spoile their pleasing smell.
 Much like a lad, who in his tender prime
 Sent from his friends to learn the use of time,
 As are his mates, or good or bad, so he
 Thrives to the world, and such his actions be.

As in the rainbowe's many coloured hewe
 Here see we watchet deep'ned with a blewe,
 There a darke tawny with a purple mixt,
 Yellow and flame, with streakes of greene be-
 twixt,

A bloody streame into a blushing run
 And ends still with the colour which begun,
 Drawing the deeper to a lighter staine,
 Bringing the lightest to the deep'st againe,
 With such rare art each mingleth with his fellow,
 The blewe with watchet, greene and red with
 yealow ;

Like to the changes which we daily see
 About the Dove's necke with varietie,
 Where none can say (though he it strict attends)
 Here one begins ; and there the other ends :
 So did the maidens with their various flowres
 Decke up their windowes, and make neat their
 bowres :

Using such cunning as they did dispose
 The ruddy piny with the lighter rose,
 The moncks-hood with the buglosse, and intwine
 The white, the blewe, the flesh-like columbine
 With pinckes, sweet-williams ; that farre off the
 eye

Could not the manner of their mixtures spye.

Then with those flowres they most of all did prise
 (With all their skill and in most curious wise
 On tufts of hearbs or rushes) would they frame
 A dauntie border round the shepheard's name.
 Or poesies make, so quaint, so apt, so rare,
 As if the Muses onely lived there :

And

And that the after world should strive in vaine
 That they then did to counterfeit againe.
 Nor will the needle nor the loome e're be
 So perfect in their best embroderie,
 Nor such composures make of filke and gold,
 As theirs, when Nature all her cunning told.
 The word of mine did no man then bewitch,
 They thought none could be fortunate if rich.
 And to the covetous did wish no wrong:
 But what himselfe desir'd: to live here long,
 As of their songs so of their lives they deem'd,
 Not of the long'st, but best perform'd, esteem'd.
 They thought that heaven to him no life did
 give,

Who onely thought upon the meanes to live.
 Nor wish'd they 'twere ordain'd to live here ever
 But as life was ordain'd they might persever.

O happy men! you ever did possesse
 No wisdom, but was mixt with simplenesse;
 So, wanting malice: and from folly free,
 Since reason went with your simplicitie.
 You search'd yourselves if all within were faire,
 And did not learne of others what you were.
 Your lives the patternes of those vertues gave
 Which adulation tels men now they have.

With povertie, in love we onely close
 Because our lovers it most truely shoves:

When they who in that blessed age did move,
Knew neyther poverty nor want of love.

The hatred which they bore was onely this,
That every one did hate to doe amisse.

Their fortune still was subject to their will:

Their want (O happy!) was the want of ill.

Ye truest, fairest, lovelyest nymphs that can

Out of your eyes lend fire Promethian,

All-beateous ladies, love-alluring dames,

That on the banckes of Isca, Humber, Thames,

By your incouragement can make a swaine

Climbe by his song where none but soules attaine:

And by the gracefull reading of our lines

Renew our heate to further brave designs:

(You, by whose meanes my muse thus boldly
sayer:

Though she doe sing of shepheards loves and
layes,

And flagging weakly low gets not on wing

To second that of Hellen's ravishing:

Nor hath the love nor beauty of a Queene

My subject grac'd, as other workes have beene;

Yet not to doe their age nor ours a wrong,

Though Queenes, nay Goddesses, fam'd Homer's
song)

Mine hath been tun'd and heard by beauties more

Than all the poets that have liv'd before.

Not

Not cause it is more worth: but it doth fall
 That Nature now is turn'd a prodigall,
 And on this age so much perfection spends,
 That to her last of treasure it extends;
 For all the ages that are slid away
 Had not so many beauties as this day.

O what a rapture have I gotten now!
 That age of gold, this of the lovely browe
 Have drawne me from my song! I onward run
 Cleane from the end to which I first begun.)
 But ye the heavenly creatures of the West,
 In whom the vertues and the graces rest,
 Pardon! that I have run astray so long,
 And grow so tedious in so rude a song,
 If you yourselves should come to adde one grace
 Unto a pleasant grove or such like place,
 Where here the curious cutting of a hedge,
 There, by a pond, the trimming of the sedge;
 Here the fine setting of well shading trees,
 The walkes there mounting up by small degrees,
 The gravell and the greene so equall lye,
 It, with the rest, drawes on your lingring eye:
 Here the sweet smels that doe perfume the ayre,
 Arising from the infinite repayre
 Of odoriferous buds, and hearbs of price
 (As if it were another paradise)
 So please the smelling sence, that you are faine
 Where last you walk'd to turne and walke againe.

There the small birds with their harmonious
notes

Sing to a spring that smileth as she floates;
For in her face a many dimples show,
And often skips as it did dancing goe:
Here further downe an over-arched alley
That from a hill goes winding in a valley,
You spye at end thereof a standing lake
Where some ingenious artist strives to make
The water (brought in turning pipes of lead
Through birds of earth most lively fashioned)
To counterfeit and mocke the Silvans all
In singing well their owne set madrigall.
This with no small delight retaynes your eare,
And makes you thinke none blest but who live
there.

Then in another place the fruits that be
In gallant clusters decking each good tree
Invite your hand to crop them from the stem,
And liking one, taste every sort of them:
Then to the arbors walke, then to the bowres,
(Thence to the walkes againe, thence to the
flowres,

Then to the birds, and to the cleare spring
thence,

Now pleasing one, and then another sence:
Here one walkes oft, and yet anew begin'th,
As if it were some hidden laborinth;

oath to part, and so content to stay,
 at when the gardner knockes for you away,
 grieves you so to leave the pleasures in it,
 at you could wish that you had never seene it:
 me me not then, if while to you I told:
 e happines our fathers clipt of old,
 e mere imagination of their blisse
 rapt my thoughts, and made me sing amisse..
 d still the more they ran on those dayes worth,
 e more unwilling was I to come forth,
 if the apprehension joy us so,
 hat would the action in a humane show!
 ch were the shepheards (to all goodnesse bent)
 out whose * Thorps that night curs'd Limes
 went.

here he had learn'd that next day all the swaines
 hat any sheepe fed on the fertill plaines,
 he feast of Pales Goddesse of their grounds
 d meane to celebrate. Fitly this sounds
 e thought, to what he formerly intended,
 is stealth should by their absence be befriended:
 or whilst they in their off'rings busied were,
 e 'mongst the flockes might range with lesser
 feare.

ow to contrive his stealth he spent the night.
 The morning now in colours richly dight
 Sept

* Villages.

Stept o're the Easterne thresholds; and no lad
 That joy'd to see his pastures freshly clad,
 But for the holy rites himfelfe addrest
 With necessaries proper to that feast.

The altars every where now smoaking be
 With beane-stalkes, favine, lawell, rosemary,
 Their cakes of grummell-seed they did preferre
 And pailles of milke in sacrifice to her.

Then hymne of praise they all devoutly sung
 In those Palilia for increase of young.

But ere the ceremonies were halfe past
 One of their boyes came down the hill in haste
 And told them Limos was among their sheepe
 That he, his fellowes, nor their dogs could
 keepe

The rav'ner from their flocks; great store were
 kild.

Whose blood he suck'd, and yet his panch no
 fild.

O hasten then away ! for in an houre
 He will the chiefest of your fold devour.

With this most ran (leaving behinde some few
 To finish what was to fair Pales due)
 And as they had ascended up the hill
 Limos they met, with no meane pace and skill
 Following a well-fed lambe : with many a shout
 They then pursu'd him all the plaine about.

And

and eyther with fore-laying of his way,
 the full gorg'd ran not so swift as they,
 fore he could recover downe the strand
 swaine but on him had a fast'ned hand.
 Rejoycing then (the worst wolfe to their
 flocke
 in their powres) they bound him to a rocke,
 with chaines tane from the plow, and leaving
 him
 turn'd back to their feast. His eyes late dim
 now sparkle forth in flames, he grindes his
 teeth,
 and strives to catch at every thing he seeth :
 yet to no purpose : all the hope of food
 is tane away ; his little flesh, lesse bloud,
 he suck'd and tore at last, and that denyde,
 with fearefull shrikes most miserably dyde.
 Unfortunate Marina thou art free
 from his jawes now, though not from misery..
 within the cave thou likely art to pine,
 (O may never) faile a helpe divine,
 and though such ayd thy wants doe still supply,
 yet in a prison thou must ever lye :
 yet heav'n, that fed thee, will not long defer
 to send the thither some deliverer :
 or, then to spend thy sighes there to the maine
 thou fitter wert to honour Thetis trayne.

Who

Who so far now with her harmonious crew
 Scour'd through the seas (O who yet ever knew
 So rare a consort?) she had left behind
 The Kentish, Suffex shores, the * Isle assign'd
 To brave Vespasian's conquest, and was come
 Where the shrill trumpet and the ratling drum
 Made the waves tremble (ere befell this chance
 And to no softer musicke us'd to dance.

Haile thou my native soile! thou blessed place
 Whose equall all the world affordeth not!
 Shew me who can? so many christall rills
 Such sweet-cloath'd vallies, or aspiring hills,
 Such wood-ground, pastures, quarries, wealth
 mynes,

Such rockes in whom the diamond fairely shine
 And if the earth can shew the like agen;
 Yet will she faile in her sea-ruling men.
 Time never can produce men to ore-take
 The fames of Greenvil, Davies, Gilbert, Drake
 Or worthy Hawkins or of thousands more
 That by their powre made the Devonian shores
 Mocke the proud Tagus; for whose richest spoyle
 The boasting Spaniard left the Indian soyle
 Banckrupt of store, knowing it would quit cost
 By winning this though all the rest were lost

* Vecta quam Vespasianus a Claudio missus sub
 gavit. Vide Bed. in Hist. Ecc. lib. 1 cap. 3.

Soft the Sea-nymphes on her strand have set
 Ring of fishermen to knit a net,
 Ere to wind up their dishevel'd hayres,
 They have beheld the frolicke marriners
 Exercise (got earely from their beds)
 With bars of silver, and cast golden sleds.
 At Ex, a lovely nymph with Thetis met,
 Singing came, and was all round beset
 With other watry powres, which by her song
 Had allur'd to floate with her along.
 As lay she chanted she had learn'd of yore,
 Taught by a * skilfull swaine, who on her shore
 His faire flocke: a worke renown'd as farre
 His brave subject of the Trojan warre.
 When she had done, a prittie shepheard's boy
 From the neare downes came (though he
 Small joy
 Took in his tunefull-reede, since dire neglect
 Left to the brest of her he did affect,
 And that an ever-busie watchfull eye
 Had as a barre to his felicitie)

Being

Joseph of Exeter writ a Poem of the Trojan
 Warre according to Dares the Phrighian's story, but
 is attributed to Cornelius Nepos, as it is printed.
 He lived in the time of Hen. 2. and Rich. 1. See
 Illustrations of my most worthy friend Mr. Sel-
 den, upon Mr. Drayton's Poly-Olbion, pag. 58.

Being with great intreaties of the swaines
 And by the faire Queene of the liquid plaine
 Woo'd to his pipe, and bad to lay aside
 All troubled thoughts, as others at that tyde
 And that he now some merry note should raise
 To equall others which had sung their layes
 He shooke his head, and knowing that his tongue
 Could not belye his hart, thus sadly sung:

AS new-borne babes salute their ages more
 With cries unto their wofull mother hurld
 My infant muse that was but lately borne
 Began with watry eyes to woo the world.
 She knowes not how to speake, and therefore
 weepes

Her woes excesse,
 And strives to move the heart that sensles
 sleepest,

To heaviness;
 Her eyes invayl'd with sorrowes clouds
 Scarce see the light,
 Disdaine hath wrapt her in the shrowds
 Of loathed night.

How should she move then her grieve-laden
 wing,

Or leave my sad complaints, and Pæans sing
 Sixe Pleyad's live in light, in darknesse one.
 Sing mirthfull swaines; but let me sigh alone

It is enough that I in silence sit,
 And bend my skill to learn your layes aright;
 Nor strive with you in ready straines of wit,
 Nor move my hearers with so true delight.

But if for heavy plaints and notes of woe
 Your eares are prest;
 No shepheard lives that can my pipe out-goe
 In such unrest.

I have not knowne so many yeares
 As chances wrong,
 Nor have they knowne more floods of teares
 From one so yong.

Faine would I tune to please as others doe,
 Wert not for faining song and numbers too.
 Then (since not fitting now are songs of mone)
 Sing mirthfull swaines but let me sigh alone.

The nymphs that floate upon the sewatry p'aines
 Have oft been drawne to listen to my song,
 And Sirens left to tune dissembling straines
 In true bewayling of my sorrowes long.

Upon the waves of late a silver swan
 By me did ride,
 And thrilled with my woes forthwith began
 To sing and dyde.

Yet where they should they cannot move,
 O haplesse verse!

That fitter, then to win a love,
 Art for a herse.

Hence-

Hence-forward silent be; and ye my cares
Be knowne but to my selfe; or who despayre
Since pittie now lyes turned to a stone;
Sing mirthfull swaines; but let me sigh alone

The fitting accent of his mournfull lay
So pleas'd the powrefull Lady of the Sea,
That she intreated him to sing againe;
And he obeying tun'd this second straine:

BORNE to no other comfort then my teares
Yet rob'd of them by griefes too inly deere
I cannot rightly wayle my haplesse yeares,
Nor move a passion that for me might weep

Nature alas too short hath knit
My tongue to reach my woe:
Nor have I skill sad notes to fit
That might my sorrow show.

And to increase my torments ceaselesse sting
There's no way left to shew my paines
But by my pen in mournfull straines,
Which others may perhaps take joy to sing

As (woo'd by Maye's delights) I have been bound
To take the kind ayre of a wistfull morne
Neere Tavier's voycefull streame (to whom I owe
More straines than from my pipe can ever flowe
Here have I heard a sweet bird never lin
To chide the river for his clam'rous din;

There

ere seem'd another in his song to tell,
 at what the fayre streame did he liked well;
 d going further heard another too
 ll varying still in what the others doe;
 listle thence, a fourth with little paine
 n'd all their lessons and them sung againe;
 numberlesse the songsters are that sing
 the sweet groves of the too carelesse spring,
 hat I no sooner could the hearing lose
 f one of them, but straight another rose,
 nd perching deftly on a quaking spray
 ye tyr'd herself to make her hearer stay,
 whilst in a bush two nightingales together
 ew'd the best skill they had to draw me thither:
 (as bright Thetis past our cleeves along)
 This shepherd's lay pursu'd the other's song,
 nd scarce one ended had his skilfull stripe,
 ut streight another tooke him to his pipe.
 By that the younger swaine had fully done,
 Thetis with her brave company had wonne
 The mouth of Dert, and whilst the Tritons
 charme
 The dancing waves, passing the christall Arme,
 sweet Yalme and Plim; arriv'd where Thamar
 pa yes
 Her daily tribute to the westernne seas.
 Here sent she up her Dolphins, and they plyde
 So busily their fares on every side,

They made a quicke returne and brought her
downe

A many Homagers to Thamar's crowne,
Who in themselves were of as great command
As any meaner rivers of the land,
With every nymph the swaine of most account
That fed his white sheepe by her clearer fount;
And every one to Thetis sweetly sung.

Among the rest a shepheard (though but young
Yet hartned to his pipe) with all the skill
His few yeeres could, began to fit his quill.
By Tavi's speedy streame he fed his flocke,
Where when he sate to sporte him on a rocke,
The water-nymphs would often come unto him,
And for a dance with many gay gifts woo him.
Now posies of this flowre, and then of that;
Now with fine shels, then with a russhy hat,
With corall or red stones brought from the
deepe

To make him bracelets, or to marke his sheepe.
WILLIE he hight. Who by the Ocean's Queene
More cheer'd to sing then such young lads had
beene,

Tooke his best-framed pipe and thus gan move
His voyce of Walla, Tavy's fairest love.

Faire was the day, but fayrer was the maide
Who that day's morne into the green-woods straid
weet

weet was the ayre, but sweeter was her
breathing,

ch rare perfumes the roses are bequeathing.
ight shone the Sun, but brighter were her eyes,
ch are the lampes that guide the Deities;
ay such the fire is, whence the Pythian Knight,
orrowes his beames, and lends his sister light.
ot * Pelop's shoulder whiter then her hands,
or snowy swans that jet on Isca's sands.
weet Flora as if ravish'd with their sight
emulation made all lillies white:

or as I oft have heard the wood-nymphs say,
The dancing Fairies when they left to play
then backe did pull them, and in holes of trees
stole the sweet honey from the painfull bees,
Which in the flowre to put they oft were seene
and for a banquet brought it to their Queene.
ut she that is the Goddesse of the flowres
(Invited to their groves and shady bowres)
Wistlik'd their choise. They said that all the
field

No other flowre did for that purpose yeeld;
But quoth a nimble Fay that by did stand:
If you could give't the colour of yond hand;

I 2

(Waila

* Pelops was feigned by the Poets to have a shoulder
of ivory. Ovid. Metam. lib. vi. Pindar. Od. I.
Olymp. Tibullus, lib. I. Eleg. 4. Virg.
Georg. III.

(Walla by chance was in a meadow by
 Learning to sample Earth's embroidery)
 It were a gift would Flora well besit,
 And our great Queene the more would honour
 She gave consent; and by some other powre
 Made Venus Doves be equal'd by the flowre,
 But not her hand; for Nature this preferres,
 All other whites but shadowings to hers.
 Her haire was roll'd in many a curious fret,
 Much like a rich and artfull coronet,
 Upon whose arches twenty Cupids lay,
 And were or tide, or loath to flye away.
 Upon her bright eyes Phœbus his inclinde,
 And by their radiance was the God stroke blinde
 That cleane awry th' Eccliptick then he stript
 And from the milky way his horses whipt;
 So that the Eastern world to feare begun
 Some stranger drove the Chariot of the Sun.
 And never but that once did Heaven's bright
 eye

Bestow one looke on the Cymmerii.

A greene filke frock her comely shoulders clad
 And tooke delight that such a seate it had,
 Which at her middle gath'ed up in pleats,
 A love-knot girdle willing bondage threats.
 Not Venus Ceston held a braver peece,
 Nor that which girt the fayrest flowre of Greece

Down

wne from her waste, her mantle loose did fall
 which Zephyre (as afraid) still plaid withall,
 and then tuck'd up somewhat below the knee
 w'd searching eyes where Cupids columnes be-
 e infide lynde with rich carnation filke,
 d in the midst of both, Lawne white as milke,
 ich white beneath the red did seeme to shroud,
 Cynthia's beautie through a blushing cloud,
 out the edges curious to behold
 deepe fringe hung of rich and twisted gold,
 on the greene marge of a christall brooke
 thousand yealow flowres at fishes looke;
 d such the beames are of the glorious Sun,
 at through a tuft of grasse disperfed run.
 on her legs a payre of buskins white,
 dded with oryent pearle and chrysolite,
 d like her mantle sticht with gold and greene,
 airer yet never wore the forrests Queene)
 nit close with ribands of a party hue,
 knot of crimson and a tuft of blew,
 or can the peacocke in his spotted trayne
 many pleasing colours shew againe;
 or could there be a mixture with more grace,
 cept the heav'nly roses in her face.
 silver quiver at her backe she wore,
 ith darts and arrowes for the stag and boare,
 at in her eyes she had such darts agen,
 ould conquer Gods, and wound the hearts of Men,

Her left hand held a knotty Braſill bow,
 Whoſe ſtrength, with teares, ſhe made the re-
 deer know.

So clad, ſo arm'd, ſo dreſt to win her will
 Diana never trode on Latmus hill.

Walla, the faireſt nimph that haunts the woods
 Walla, belov'd of ſhepheards, faunes, and floods
 Walla, for whom the frolike Satyres pyne,
 Walla, with whoſe fine foot the flowrets twine
 Walla, of whom ſweet birds their ditties move
 Walla, the Earth's delight, and Tavy's love.

This fayreſt nimph, when Tavy firſt prevail'd
 And won affection where the Silvans fail'd,
 Had promis'd (as a favour to his ſtreame)
 Each weeke to crowne it with an anadem:
 And now Hyperion from his glitt'ring throne
 Seav'n times his quickning rays had bravely
 ſhowne

Unto the other world, ſince Walla laſt,
 Had on her Tavy's head the garland plac'd;
 And this day (as of right) ſhe wends abroad
 To eaſe the meadows of their willing load.
 Flora, as if to welcome her thoſe houres
 Had been moſt lavish of her choiſeſt flowres,
 Spreading more beauties to intice that morne
 Then ſhe had done in many dayes beforne.

Looke as a maiden ſitting in the ſhade
 Of ſome cloſe arbour by the wood-bynde made
 With

With-drawne alone where undisturb'd she may
 Her most curious needle give assay
 Into some purse (if so her fancy move)
 Or other token for her truest love,
 A variety of silke about her pap,
 Or in a box she takes upon her lap,
 Whose pleasing colours wooing her quick eye,
 Now this she thinks the ground would beautifie,
 And that, to flourish with, she deemeth best:
 When spying others, she is straight possess
 Those fittest are; yet from that choice doth fall,
 And she resolves at last to use them all:
 To Walla, which to gather long time stood,
 Whether those of the field, or of the wood;
 Or those that 'mong the springs and marish lay;
 But then the blossomes which enrich'd each spray
 Allur'd her looke; whose many coloured graces
 Did in her garland challenge no meane places:
 And therefore she (not to be poore in plenty)
 From meadows, springs, woods, sprays, culls some
 one daintie,

Which in a scarfe she put, and onwards set.

To finde a place to dresse her coronet.

A little grove is seated on the marge
 Of Tavy's streame, not over thicke nor large,
 Where every morn'g a quire of Silvans sung,
 And leaves to chatt'ring windes serv'd as a tongue,

By whom the water turns in many a ring,
 As if it fain would stay to heare them sing,
 And on the top a thousand young birds flye,
 To be instructed in their harmony.

Neere to the end of this all-joyfome grove
 A dainty circled plot seem'd as it strove
 To keepe all bryers and bushes from invading,
 Her pleasing compasse by their needlesse shading,
 Since it was not so large but that the store
 Of trees around could shade her brest and more,
 In midst thereof a little swelling hill,
 Gently disburd'ned of a christall rill
 Which from the greenfide of the flowry bancke
 Eat downe a channell; here the wood-nymphs
 dranke,

And great Diana, having slaine the deere
 Did often use to come and bathe her here.
 Here talk'd they of their chase, and where next day
 They meant to hunt; here did the shepherds
 play,

And many a gaudy nymph was often seene
 Embracing shepherds boyes upon this greene.
 From hence the spring hasts downe to Tavy's brim,
 And pays a tribute of his drops to him.

Here Walla rests the rising mount upon,
 That seem'd to swell more since she fate thereon,
 And from her scarfe upon the grasse shooke downe,
 The smelling flowres that should her river crowne.

The

the scarfe (in shaking it) she brushed oft,
whereon were flowres so fresh and lively
wrought,
that her owne cunning was her owne deceit,
thinking those true which were but counter-
feite.

Under an Alder on his sandy marge,
as Tavy set to view his nimble charge,
and there his love he long time had expected:
while many a rose-cheekt nymph no wyle
neglected

woo him to imbraces; which he scorn'd,
valluing more the beauties which adorn'd
his fairest Walla, than all Nature's pride
sent on the cheekes of all her sexe beside.
How would they tempt him with their open
breasts,

and sweare their lips were Love's assured tests:
that Walla sure would give him the deniall
till she had knowne him true by such a tryall:
then comes another and her hand bereaves
the soone-slipt Alder of two clammy leaves,
and clapping them together, bids him see
and learne of love the hidden mistery,
grave Flood (quoth she) that hold'st us in sus-
pence,

and shew'st a God-like powre in abstinence,

At

At this thy coldnesse we do nothing wonder,
These leaves did so, when once they grew afund
But since the one did taste the other's blisse,
And felt his partner's kinde, partake with his
Behold how close they join; and had the
power

To speake their now content, as we can our,
They would on Nature, lay a haynous crime
For keeping close such sweets untill this time.
Is there to such men ought of merit due,
That doe abstaine from what they never knew
No: then aswell we may account him wise
For speaking nought, who wants those faculties
Taste thou our sweets; come here and freely fit
Divinest Nectar from my melting lip;
Gaze on mine eyes, whose life-infusing beames
Have power to melt the icy northern streames,
And so inflame the Gods of those bound seas.
They would unchaine their virgin passages,
And teach our marriners, from day to day,
To bring us jewels by a neerer way.
Twyne thy long fingers in my shining haire,
And thinke it no disgrace to hide them there;
For I could tell thee how the Paphian Queene
Met me one day upon yond pleasant greene,
And did intreat a slip (though I was coy)
Wherewith to fetter her lascivious boy.

Play

with my teates that swell to have impresson;
 If thou please from thence to make digression,
 If thou that milky way where great Apollo,
 And higher powers than he would gladly follow.
 Then to the full of these thou shalt attaine,
 Were some mastery for thee to refraine;
 Since thou know'st not what such pleasures be
 The world will not commend but laugh at thee.
 If thou wilt say, thy Walla yeelds such store
 Of joyes, that no one love can raise thee more;
 Admit it so, as who but thinks it strange?
 Yet shalt thou finde a pleasure more in change.
 If that thou lik'st not, gentle Flood, but heare:
 To prove that state the best I never feare.
 Tell me wherein the state and glory is;
 Of thee, of Avon, or brave Thamesis?
 In your owne springs? or by the flowing head?
 Of some such river onely seconded?
 Or is it through the multitude that doe
 Send downe their waters to attend on you?
 Your mixture with lesse brookes addes to your
 fames,
 So long as they in you doe loose their names;
 And comming to the Ocean, thou dost see,
 It takes in other floods as well as thee;
 It were no sport to us that hunting love
 If we were still confinde to one large grove.

The

The water which in one poole hath abiding
 Is not so sweet as rillets ever gliding.
 Nor would the brackish waves in whom you
 meet

Containe that state it doth, but be lesse sweet,
 And with contagious steames all mortals smother,
 But that it moves from this shore to the other.
 There's no one season such delight can bring,
 As Summer, Autumne, Winter, and the Spring.
 Nor the best flowre that doth on earth appeare
 Could by itselfe content us all the yeare.

The Salmons, and some more as well as they,
 Now love the freshet, and then love the sea.
 The flitting fowles not in one coast doe tarry,
 But with the yeare their habitation vary.
 What musicke is there in a shepheard's quill
 (Plaid on by him that hath the greatest skill)
 If but a stop or two thereon we spy? 
 Musicke is best in her varietie.

So is discourse, so joyes; and why not then
 As well the lives and loves of Gods as men?

More she had spoke, but that the gallant Flood
 Replyde: ye wanton rangers of the wood
 Leave your allurements; hye ye to your chase;
 See where Diana with a nimble pace
 Followes a stricke deere: if you longer stay
 Her trowne will bend to me another day.

Harke

marke how she wynds her horne; she some doth call
perhaps for you, to make in to the fall.

With this they left him. Now he wonders much
why at this time his Walla's stay was such,
and could have wish'd the nymphs backe, but
for feare

his love might come and chance to finde them
there.

to passe the time at last he thus began

Unto a pipe joyn'd by the art of Pan)

to prayse his love: his hasty waves among

the frothed rockes, bearing the under-song.

AS carefull merchants doe expecting stand

(After long time and merry gales of wynde)

Upon the place where their brave ship must
land:

So waite I for the vessell of my minde.

Upon a great adventure is it bound,

Whose safe returne will vallu'd be at more

Then all the wealthy prizes which have crown'd

The golden wishes of an age before.

Out of the East jewels of worth she brings,

Th' unvalu'd diamond of her sparkling eye

Wants in the treasures of all Europe's kings,

And were it mine they nor their crownes should
buy.

The

The Saphires ringed on her panting brest,
Run as rich veynes of ore about the mold,
And are in sicknesse with a pale posselt,
So true; for them I should disvalue gold.

The melting rubyes on her cherry lip
Are of such powre to hold; that as one day
Cupid flew thirstie by, he stoop'd to sip
And fast'ned there could never get away.

The sweets of Candy are no sweets to me
When hers I taste; nor the perfumes of price
Rob'd from the happy shrubs of Araby,
As her sweet breath, so powrefull to intice.

O hasten then! and if thou be not gone
Unto that wished trafficke through the mayne
My powrefull sighes shall quickly drive thee on
And then begin to draw thee backe againe.

If in the meane rude waves have it opprest
It shall suffice I venter'd at the best.

Scarce had he given a period to his lay
When from a wood (wherein the Eye of day
Had long a stranger beene, and Phoebe's light
Vainely contended with the shades of night.)
One of those wanton nymphes that woo'd him late
Came crying tow'rds him; O thou most ingrate,
Respectlesse

Needlesse Flood! canst thou here idly sit,
 And loose desires to looser numbers fit?
 Leaving the ayre to court thy carelesse brooke,
 Whilst thy poore Walla's cryes the hills have
 shooke

With an amazed terror: heare! O heare!
 Hundred Ecchos shriking every where!
 How the frightfull heards run from the
 wood;

Walla alas, as she to crowne her Flood
 Extended the composure of sweet flowres,
 As by a lust-fir'd Satyre 'mong our bowres
 Well-neere surpriz'd, but that she him discryde
 Before his rude imbracement could betyde.

Now but her feet no helpe, unlesse her cryes
 Needfull ayd draw from the Deities.

It needlesse was to bid the Flood pursue,
 Eger gave wings; wayes that he never knew
 All now, he treads; through dells and hidden
 brakes

Runs through the meadowes, each where over-
 takes

Streames swiftly gliding, and then brings along
 No further just revenge for so great wrong,
 His current till that day was never knowne;
 As a meade in July, which unmowne
 Lyes in an equall height each bent and stem,
 Unless some gentle gale doe play with them.

Now

Now runs it with such fury and such rage
That mighty rockes opposing vassalage
Are from the firm earth rent and overborne
In fords were pibbles lay secure before.
Loud cataracts, and fearefull roarings now
Affright the passenger; upon his brow
Continuall bubbles like compelled drops,
And where (as now and then) he makes the
stops

In little pooles, drowning his voyce too hie,
'Tis where he thinks he hears his Walla cry
Yet vaine was all his haste, bending a way
Too much declining to the Southerne Sea,
Since she had turned thence, and now begun
To crosse the brave path of the glorious Sun.

There lyes a vale extended to the North
Of Tavy's streame, which (prodigall) sends
forth

In Autumne more rare fruits than have been
spent

In any greater plot of fruitfull Kent.
Two high brow'd rockes on eyther side begin
As with an arch to close the vally in,
Upon their rugged fronts short writhen oakes
Untouch'd of any fellers banefull stroakes,
The ivy, twisting round their barkes, hath fe
Past time wylde goates which no man followe

now in the valley some small heardes of deere,
 for head and footmanship withouten peere
 undisturb'd. The swaines that thereby
 thrive'd,

the tradition from their fires deriv'd,
 all'd it sweet Ina's Coombe: but whether she
 ere of the earth or greater progeny
 age by her deedes; once this is truely knowne
 many a time hath on a bugle blowne,
 and through the dale pursu'd the jolly chase,
 she had bid the winged windes a base.

Pale and distracted hither Walla runs,
 closely follow'd as she hardly shuns;
 her mantle off, her hayre now too unkinde
 most betray'd her with the wanton winde.
 breathlesse and faint she now some drops dis-
 closes,

in a limbeck the kinde sweate of roses,
 which hang upon her brest and on her cheekes;
 like the pearles which the tande Æthiop'
 seekes.

the Satyre (spur'd with lust) still getteth ground,
 and longs to see his damn'd intention crown'd.
 As when a greyhound (of the rightest straine)
 slip to some poore hare upon the plaine;
 for his prey strives; t'other for her life,
 one of these or none must end the strife:

Now seemes the dog by speede and good
bearing

To have her sure; the other ever fearing,
Maketh a sodaine turne, and doth deferre
The hound a while from so near reaching her
Yet being fetcht againe and almost tane
Doubting (since touch'd of him) she scapes her
bane:

So of these two the minded races were,
For Hope the one made swift, the other Fear
O if there be a powre (quoth Walla then
Keeping her earnest course) o'reswaying men
And their desires! O let it now be showne
Upon this Satyre halfe-part earthly knowne.
What I have hitherto with so much care
Kept undefiled, spotlesse, white and faire,
What in all speech of love I still reserv'd,
And from its hazard ever gladly swerv'd;
O be it now untouch'd! and may no force
That happy jewell from my selfe devorce!
I that have ever held all women be
Void of all worth if wanting chastitie;
And who so any lets that best flowre pull,
She might be faire, but never beautifull:
O let me not forgoe it! strike me dead!
Let on these rockes my limbes be scattered!

Burn

Turne me to ashes with some powrefull flame,
 And in mine owne dust bury mine owne name,
 Rather then let me live and be defil'de.

Chafteft Diana! in the defarts wilde
 Were I fo long thy trueft handmaid beene?
 On the rough rocke ground thine arrowes
 Keene,

Were I (to make thee crownes) beene gath'ring
 Still

Fire-cheekt Etefia's yealow cammomill?
 And fitting by thee on our flowry beds
 With thy torne Buck-ftals with well-twifted
 Threds,

Would be forfaken? O now present be
 Not to fave, yet helpe to ruine me!

If pure virginity have heretofore
 The Olympicke powres beene honour'd more
 Then other ftates; and Gods have beene dispos'd
 To make them knowne to us, and ftill difclos'd
 To the chafte hearing of fuch nymphes as we
 Knew a fecret and deepe mifterie;

None can lead, without celeftiall ayde,
 To that immaculate and pure life of a maide,
 Let not then the powres all-good divine
 Permit vile luft to foile this brest of mine!

Thus cryde ſhe as ſhe ran: and looking backe,
 Whether her hot purfuer did ought flacke

His former speede ; she spies him not at all,
 And somewhat thereby cheer'd gan to recall
 Her nye fled hopes : yet fearing he might lye
 Neere some crosse path to worke his villanie,
 And being weary, knowing it was vaine,
 To hope for safety by her feet againe,
 She sought about where she herself might hid

A hollow vaulted rocke at last she spide,
 About whose sides so many bushes were,
 She thought securely she might rest her there
 Farre under it a cave, whose entrance streight
 Clos'd with a stone-wrought doore of no mean
 weight ;

Yet from it selfe the gemels beaten so
 That little strength could thrust it to and fro.

Thither she came, and being gotten in
 Barr'd fast the darke cave with an iron pin.

The Satyre follow'd, for his cause of stay
 Was not a minde to leave her, but the way
 Sharpe ston'd and thorny, where he pass'd
 late,

Had cut his cloven foot, and now his gate
 Was not so speedy, yet by chance he fees,
 Through some small glade that ran betweene the
 trees,

Where Walla went. And with a slower pace
 Fir'd with hot blood, at last attain'd the place

Whe

When like a fearefull hare within her forme,
 hearing the hounds come like a threatning
 storme,

full cry on the walke where last she trode,
 doubts to stay there, yet dreads to goe abroad:

Walla far'd. But since he was come nye
 by an able strength and industry

ought to breake in; with teares anew she felt
 urge the powres that on Olympus dwell.

And then to Ina call'd: O if the roomes,
 she walkes and arbours in these fruitfull
 * coombes

have famous beene through all the Western
 plaines,

being guiltlesse of the lasting stains
 shur'd on by lust and murther: keepe them free!

Turne me to stone, or to a barked tree,
 into a bird, or flowre, or ought forlorne;

I may dye as pure as I was borne.

Swift are the prayers and of speedy haste,
 That take their wings from hearts so pure and
 chaste.

And what we aske of Heaven it still appears
 More plaine to it in mirrours of our teares."

Approv'd in Walla. When the Satyre rude
 had broke the dore in two, and gan intrude

K 3

With

* Vallies.

With steps prophane into that sacred cell,
Where oft (as I have heard our shepheards tell
Fayre Ina usde to rest from Phœbus ray:
She, or some other, having heard her pray,
Into a fountaine turn'd her; and now rise
Such streames out of the cave, that they surpris
The Satyre with such force and so great din,
That quenching his life's flame as well as sinne
They roul'd him through the dale with might
rore,

And made him flye that did pursue before.

Not farre beneath i'th valley as she trends
Her silver streame, some wood-nymphes and he
friends,

That follow'd to her ayde, beholding how
A brooke came gliding where they saw but now
Some heards were feeding; wondred whence
came,

Untill a nymph, that did attend the game
In that sweet valley, all the proesse told,
Which from a thick-leav'd tree she did behold
See, quoth the nymph, where the rude Satyr
lyes

Cast on the grasse; as if she did despise
To have her pure waves soyl'd (with such as he
Retayning still the love of puritie.

To Tavy's christall streame her waters goe
As if some secret power ordayned so;

And

And as a maide she lov'd him, so a brooke
 To his imbracements onely her betooke.
 There growing on with him, attain'd the state
 Which none but Hymen's bonds can imitate.
 On Walla's brooke her sisters now bewayle,
 For whom the rockes spend teares when others
 Sayle,
 And all the woods ring with their piteous mones:
 Which Tavy hearing, as he chid the stones,
 That slopt his speedy course, raising his head
 Enquir'd the cause, and thus was answered;
 Walla is now no more. Nor from the hill
 Will she more plucke for thee the daffadill,
 Nor make sweet anadems to gird thy brow:
 Yet in the grove she runs; a river now.
 Looke as the feeling * Plant which (learned
 Swaines

Relate to grow on the East Indian plaines)
 Drinks up his dainty leaves, if any sand
 You throw thereon, or touch it with your hand:
 With the chance the heavy wood-nymphs told,
 The river (inly touch'd) began to fold
 His armes acrosse, and (while the torrent raves)
 Drunke his grave head beneath his silver waves.
 Since when he never on his bankes appears
 But as one franticke: when the clouds spend teares,

K 4

He

* Sentida.

He thinkes they of his woes compaffion take,
 (And not a fpring but weepes for Walla's fake
 And then he often (to bemone her lacke)
 Like to a mourner goes, his waters blacke,
 And every brooke attending in his way,
 For that time meetes him in the like aray.

Here Willie that time ceas'd ; and I a while
 For yonder's Roget comming o're the stile,
 'Tis two dayes fince I faw him (and you wonder
 You'le fay, that we have beene fo long afunder
 I thinke the lovely heardeffe of the dell
 That to an oaten quill can fmg fo well,
 Is fhe that's with him : I muft needes goe mee
 : them,

And if fome other of you rife to greet them,
 'Twere not amiffe ; the day is now fo long
 That I ere night may end another fong.

RITANNIA's

PASTORALS.

THE FOURTH SONG.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Cornish Swaines and Brittish Bard,

Thetis hath with attention heard.

And after meetes an aged man

That tels the haplesse love of Pan :

And why the flockes doe live so free

From Wolves within rich Britanny.

LOOKE as a lover with a lingring kisse
about to part with the best halfe that's his,
waine would he stay but that he feares to doe it,
and curseth time for so fast hastning to it ;
Now takes his leave, and yet begins anew
To make lesse voves then are esteemed true,
Then sayes he must be gone, and then doth finde
Something he should have spoke that's out of
minde,

And whilst he stands to looke for't in her eyes,
Their sad-sweet glance so tye his faculties,

To

To thinke from what he parts, that he is now
 As farre from leaving her, or knowing how,
 As when he came; begins his former straine
 To kisse, to vow, and take his leave againe,
 Then turnes, comes backe, sighes, parts, and
 doth goe,

Apt to retyre and loath to leave her so;
 Brave streame, so part I from thy flowry banck
 Where first I breath'd, and (though unworth
 dranke

Those sacred waters which the Muses bring
 To woo Britannia to their ceaselesse spring.
 Now would I on, but that the christall * Well
 The fertill meadowes, and their pleasing smell
 The woods delightfull, and the scatt' red grove
 (Where many nymphes walke with their chaste
 loves)

Soone make me stay: and think that Ordgar
 † sonne

(Admonish'd by a heavenly vision)

Not without cause did that apt fabricke reare,
 (Wherein we nothing now but eccho's heare,
 That wont with heavenly Anthemes daily ring
 And duest praises to the greatest King)

* Vide de amœnitate loci Malmesb. 2 lib. d
 gest. Pontif. fol. 146.

† Ordulphus. He founded, at Tavystocke in
 Devon, St. Mary, and St. Burion, A. D. 961.

his choise plot. Since he could light upon
 place so fit for contemplation.
 though I awhile must leave this happy soyle,
 follow Thetis in a pleasing toyle;
 when I shall returne, I'll strive to draw
 nymphs by Thamar, Tavy, Ex, and Tau,
 Turridge, Otter, Ock, by Dert and Plym,
 with all the Nayades that fish and swim
 their cleare streames, to these our rising
 downes,
 where while they make us chaplets, wreaths,
 and crownes,
 tune my reede unto a higher key,
 and have already cond some of the lay.)
 herein (as Mantua by her Virgil's birth,
 and Thames by * him that sung her † nuptiall
 mirth)
 may be knowne (though not in equall
 pride)
 farre as Tiber throwes his swelling tide.
 and by a shepheard (feeding on your plaines)
 humble, lowly, plaine, and ruder straines,
 are your worths challenge other floods among,
 have a period equall with their song.
 Where Plym and Thamar with imbraces meet,
 Thetis weighes ancor now, and all her fleet;
 Leaving

* Spenser. † Fairie Queene, b. iv. ch. 11.

Leaving that spacious * Sound, within wh
armes

I have those vessels seene, whose hote alarmes
Have made Iberia tremble, and her towres
Prostrate themselves before our iron showres
While their proud builders hearts have bee
inclynde

To shake (as our brave ensignes) with the wynd
For as an eye ie from their seeges wood,
Led o're the playnes and taught to get the
food :

By seeing how their breeder takes his prey
Now from an orchard doe they scare the Jey,
Then ore the corne-fields as they swiftly flye
Where many thousand hurtfull sparrowes lye
Beating the ripe graine from the bearded eare
At their approach, all (overgone with feare)
Seeke for their safety; some into the dyke,
Some in the hedges drop, and others like
The thicke-growne corne; as for their hidin
best,

And under turfes or grasse most of the rest;
That of a flight which cover'd all the graine,
Not one appeares, but all or hid or slaine:
So by Heröes were we led of yore,
And by our drummes that thundred on each shore

Strook

* Plymmouth.

ke with amazement, countries farre and
neere ;

all their inhabitants like heards of deere,

kingly lyons chas'd, fled from our armes.

any did oppose, instructed swarmes

men immayl'd ; Fate drew them on to be

greater fame to our got victory.

But now our leaders want, those vessels lye

ing, like houses through ill husbandry,

on their masts, where oft the ship-boy

stood,

silver trumpets charm'd the brackish flood,

wearyed crow it set ; and daily seene

their sides, instead of pitch, calk'd ore with

greene :

hap (alas) have you that once were knowne

reaping what was by Iberia sowne,

bringing yealow sheaves from out their plaine,

aking our barnes the store-house for their

graine :

then now as if we wanted land to till,

therewith we might our uselesse souldiers fill :

pon the hatches where halfe-pikes were borne

every chincke rise stems of bearded corne :

locking our idle times that so have wrought us,

putting us in minde what once they brought us.

Beare with me, shepheards, if I doe digresse,

and speake of what ourselves doe not professe :

Can

Can I behold a man that in the field,
 Or at a breach hath taken on his shield
 More darts than ever * Romane; that hath sped
 Many a cold December, in no tent
 But such as Earth and Heaven make; that hath
 beene
 Except in Iron Plates not long time seene;
 Upon whose body may be plainly told
 More wounds then his lanke purse doth alme
 deeds hold;

O! can I see this man (adventring all)
 Be onely grac'd with some poore hospitall,
 Or may be worse, intreating at his doore
 For some reliefe whom he secur'd before,
 And yet not shew my grieve? First may I learne
 To see and yet forget how to discerne;
 My hands neglectfull be at any need
 Or to defend my body or to feed,
 Ere I respect those times that rather give him
 Hundreds to punish, then one to relieve him.

As in an evening when the gentle ayre
 Breathes to the fullen night a soft repayre,
 I oft have set on Thames sweet bancke to heare
 My friend with his sweet touch to charme mine
 eare,

When he hath plaid (as well he can) some straine
 That likes me, streight I aske the same againe,

he as gladly granting, strikes it o're
 with some sweet relish was forgot before:
 could have beene content if he would play,
 that one straine to passe the night away;
 fearing much to do his patience wrong,
 willingly have ask'd some other song:
 in this differing key though I could well
 many houres but as few minutes tell,
 least mine owne delight might injure you
 (though loath so soone) I take my song anew.
 Yet as when I with other swaines have beene
 fitted by the maidens of our greene
 wend to yonder wood, in time of yeare
 when cherry-trees inticing burdens beare,
 that with wreathed legs doth upwards goe,
 ckes not alone for those which stand below;
 now and then is seene to picke a few
 please himselfe as well as all his crew:
 if from where he is doe espie
 an apricock upon a bough thereby,
 which overhangs the tree on which he stands,
 climbs up and strives to take it with his
 hands:
 if to please myself I somewhat sing,
 it not be to you less pleasuring;
 thirst of glory tempts me: for my straines
 fit poore shepheards on the lowly plaines;
 The

The hope of riches cannot draw from me
One line that tends to servile flatterie,
Nor shall the most in titles on the earth
Blemish my muse with an adulterate birth,
Nor make me lay pure colours on a ground
Where nought substantiall can be ever found.
No; such as sooth a base and dunghill spirit
With attributes fit for the most of merit
Cloud their free muse; as when the Sun do
shine

On straw and durt mixt by the sweating Hy
It nothing gets from heaps so much impure,
But noysome steames that doe his light obscur

My free-borne muse will not, like Danae,
Wonne with base drosse to clip with slavery;
Nor lend her choiser balme to worthlesse men
Whose names would die but for some hired pen
No: if I praise, vertue shall draw me to it,
And not a base procurement make me doe it
What now I sing is but to passe away
A tedious houre, as some musitians play;
Or make another my owne griefes bemone;
Or to be least alone when most alone.

In this can I, as oft as I will chuse,
Hug sweet content by my retyred muse,
And in a study finde as much to please
As others in the greatest pallaces.

ch man that lives (according to his powre)
 what he loves bestowes an idle howre;
 head of hounds that make the wooded hils
 like in a hundred voyces to the rils,
 like the pleasing cadence of a line
 trucke by the concert of the sacred Nine.
 lieu of Hawkes, the raptures of my soule
 transcend their pitch and baser earths con-
 troule.

r running horses, contemplation flies
 with quickest speed to winne the greatest prize.
 r courtly dancing I can take more pleasure
 to heare a verse keepe time and equall measure.
 r winning riches, seeke the best directions
 how I may well subdue mine owne affections.
 r rayfing stately pyles for heyres to come,
 ere in this poem I erect my toombe.
 and time may be so kinde, in these weake lines
 to keepe my name enroll'd, past his, that
 shines
 guilded marble, or in brazen leaves:
 once verse preserves when stone and brasse de-
 ceives.

if (as worthlesse) Time not lets it live
 to those full days which others muses give,
 et I am sure I shall be heard and sung
 most severest eld, and kinder young

VOL. II. L Beyond

Beyond my dayes, and maugre Envy's strife
 Adde to my name some houres beyond my life.

Such of the Muses are the able powres,
 And, since with them I spent my vacant houres,
 I find nor hawke, nor hound, nor other thing,
 Turnyes nor revels, pleasures for a King,
 Yeeld more delight; for I have oft possesst
 As much in this as all in all the rest,
 And that without expence, when others oft
 With their undoings have their pleasures bought.

On now my loved muse, and let us bring
 Thetis to heare the * Cornish Michael sing;
 And after him to see a † swaine unfold
 The tragedie of Drake in leaves of gold.
 Then heare another Greenvil's name relate,
 Which times succeeding shall perpetuate.
 And make those two the pillars great of Fame,
 Beyond whose worths shall never sound a name.
 Nor Honour in her everlasting story
 More deeper grave for all ensuing glory.

Now Thetis stayes, to heare the shepheards
 tell

Where Arthur met his death, and Mordred fell,
 Of holy Ursula (that sam'd her age)
 With other virgins in her pilgrimage.

And

* See Camden's Remains, p. 7, and 335.

† Charles Fitz-Geoffry.

And as she forwards steeres is showne the rocke
 Maine-Amber, to be shooke with weakeſt ſhocke,
 So equall is it poyz'd ; but to remove
 All ſtrength would faile, and but an infant's
 prove.

Thus while to pleaſe her ſome new ſongs deviſe,
 And others diamonds (ſhaped angle-wiſe,
 And ſmooth'd by Nature, as ſhe did impart
 Some willing time to trim herſelfe by Art)

Sought to preſent her and her happy crew :
 She of the Gulfe and Syllies tooke a view ;

And doubling then the point, made on away
 Tow'rds goodly Severne and the Iriſh Sea,

There meets a ſhepherd that began ſing o're

The lay which aged * Robert ſung of yore,

In praife of England, and the deeds of ſwaines

That whilome fed and rul'd upon our plaines.

The Britiſh Bards were not then long time mute,

But to their ſweet harps ſung their famous Brute :

Striving in ſpight of all the miſts of eld

To have his ſtory more autentique held.

Why ſhould we envy them thoſe wreaths of

fame ?

Being as proper to the Troyan name

As are the dainty flowres which Flora ſpreads

Unto the Spring in the diſcoloured meads.

L 2

Rather

* Robert of Glouceſter.

Rather afford them all the worth we may,
 For what we give to them adds to our ray.
 And Brittons: thinke not that your glories fall,
 Derived from a meane originall;
 Since lights that may have powre to checke the
 darke

Can have their lustre from the smallest sparke.

“ Not from Nobilitie doth Vertue spring,

“ But Vertue makes fit Nobles for a King.

“ From highest nests are croaking ravens borne,

“ When sweetest nightingales fit in the thorne.”

From what low fount soe're your beings are

(In softer peace and mighty brunts of warre)

Your owne worths challenge as triumphant
 bayes

As ever Trojan hand had powre to raise.

And when I leave my musicke's plainer ground

The world shall know it from Bellona's found.

Nor shall I erre from truth; for what I write

She doth peruse, and helps me to indite.

The small converse which I have had with some

Branches, which from those gallant trees have
 come,

Doth, what I sing, in all their acts approve,

And with more days increase a further love.

As I have seene the Lady of the May

Set in an arbour (on a holy-day)

Built

built by the May-pole, where the jocund swaines
 Dance with the maidens to the bagpipes straines,
 When envious Night commands them to begone,
 Call for the merry yongsters one by one,
 And for their well performance soone disposes, A
 To this a garland interwove with roses; and
 To that a carved hooke, or well-wrought scrip,
 Gracing another with her cherry lip;
 To one her garter, to another then
 A handkerchiefe cast o're and o're agen;
 And none returneth empty that hath spent
 His paynes to fill their rurall merriment:
 To Nereus' daughter, when the swaines had
 done,
 With an unsparing liberall hand begun,
 To give to every one that sung before;
 Rich orient pearles brought from her hidden
 store,
 Red branching corral, and as precious jems,
 As ever beautifide the Diadems:
 That they might live, what chance their sheepe
 betide,
 On her reward, yet leave their heyres beside:
 Since when I thinke the world doth nothing give
 them,
 As weening Thetis ever should relieve them,
 And poets freely spend a golden showre,
 As they expected her againe each houre.

Then with her thanks and praises for their
skill

In tuning numbers of the sacred hill,
She them dismiss to their contented coates :
And every swaine a severall passage floates
Upon his Dolphin. Since whose safe repayre,
Those fishes like a well composed ayre,
And (as in love to men) are ever seene,
Before a tempest's rough regardlesse teene,
To swim high on the waves : as none should
dare,

Excepting fishes, to adventure there.

When these had left her, she drave on, in pride,
Her prouder courses through the swelling tyde,
To view the Cambrian clifles, and had not gone
An houre's full speede, but neere a rocke
(whereon

Congealed frost and snow in summer lay,
Seldome dissolved by Hyperion's ray)
She saw a troope of people take their seate,
Whereof some wrung their hands, and some did
beate

Their troubled breasts, in signe of mickle woe,
For those are actions grieve inforceth to.
Willing to know the cause, somewhat neere hand
She spies an aged man sit by the strand,
Upon a green hill side (not meanely crown'd
With golden flowres, as chiefe of all the ground)
By

by him a little lad, his cunnings heyre,
 tracing greene rushes for a winter chayre.
 The old man, while his sonne full neatly knits
 them,
 Unto his worke begun, as trimly fits them.
 Both so intending what they first propounded,
 As all their thoughts by what they wrought were
 bounded.

To them she came, and kindly thus bespake;
 O happy creatures, that your pleasures take
 In what your needs inforce, and never ayne
 A limitlesse desire to what may maime
 The settled quiet of a peacefull state,
 Patience attend your labours. And when fate
 Brings on the restfull night to your long dayes,
 Wend to the fields of blisse! Thus Thetis
 prayes.

Fayre Queene, to whom all dutious prayse we
 owe,
 Since from thy spacious Cesterne daily flow
 (Reply'd the swaine) refreshing streames that fill
 Earth's dugs (the hillockes) so preserving still
 The infant graisse, when else our lambes might
 bleate
 In vaine for sucke, whose dams have nought to
 eate.

For these thy prayers we are doubly bound,
 And that these Cleves should know; but (O) to sound

My often mended pipe presumption were,
 Since Pan would play if thou would please
 to heare.

The louder blasts which I was wont to blow
 Are now but faint, nor doe my fingers know
 To touch halfe parte those merry tunes I had.
 Yet if thou please to grace my little lad
 With thy attention, he may somewhat strike
 Which thou from one so young maist chance to
 like.

With that the little shepheard left his taske,
 And with a blush (the roses only maske)
 Denyde to sing. Ah father (quoth the boy)
 How can I tune a seeming note of joy?
 The worke which you command me, I intend
 Scarce with a halfe-bent minde, and therefore
 spend

In doing little, now, an houre or two,
 Which I in lesser time could neater doe.
 As oft as I with my more nimble joynts
 Trace the sharpe rushes ends, I minde the points
 Which Philocel did give; and when I brush
 The pritty tuft that growes beside the rush,
 I never can forget (in yonder layre)
 How Philocel was wont to stroake my hayre.
 No more shall I be tane unto the wake,
 Nor wend a fishing to the winding lake;

more shall I be taught, on silver strings,
 learne the measures of our banquettings.
 the twisted collers, and the ringing bells,
 the Morrice Scarfes and cleanest drinking shels
 will never be renew'd by any one;
 nor shall I care for more when he is gone.
 yonder hill where he was wont to sit,
 cloud doth keepe the golden Sun from it,
 and for his seate (as teaching us) hath made
 mourning covering with a scowling shade.
 the dew on every flowre, this morne, hath laine
 longer then it was wont, this side the plaine,
 like they meane, since my best friend must
 dye,
 shed their silver drops as he goes by.
 not all this day here, nor in comming hither,
 heard I the sweet birds tune their songs together,
 except one nightingale in yonder dell,
 sigh'd a sad elegie for Philocel.
 where whom a wood-dove kept no small adoe,
 to bid me in her language, "Doe so too;"
 The weather's bell, that leads our flocke around,
 fields, as me thinkes, this day a deader sound.
 The little sparrowes, which in hedges creepe,
 ere I was up, did seeme to bid me weepe.
 If these doe so, can I have feeling lesse,
 That am more apt to take and to expresse?

No:

No; let my owne tunes be the Mandrake
gone,

If now they tend to mirth when all have none

My pretty lad (quoth Thetis) thou dost well

To feare the losse of thy deere Philocel.

But tell me, Sire, what may that shepheard be

Or if it lye in us to set him free,

Or if with you yond people touch'd with woe

Under the selfe-same load: of sorrow goe.

Faire Queene (replyde the swaine) one is the cause

That moves our griefe, and those kind she

heards drawes

To yonder rocke. Thy more then mortall spirit

May give a good beyond our powre to merit.

And therefore please to heare, while I shall tell

The haplesse fate of hopelesse Philocel.

Whilome great Pan, the father of our flocke

Lov'd a faire lassie so famous for her lockes,

That in her time all women first begun

To lay their looser tresses to the Sun.

And theirs whose hew to hers was not agreeing

Were still roll'd up as hardly worth the seeing.

Fondly have some beene led to thinke, that man

Musicke's invention first of all began

From the dull hammer's stroke; since well we

know,

From sure tradition that hath taught us so,

Pan

fitting once to sport him with his fayre,
 w'd the intention of the gentle ayre,
 the sweet sound her chaste words brought
 along,
 m'd by the repercussion of her tongue:
 d from that harmony begun the art,
 which others (though unjustly) doe impart
 bright Apollo, from a meaner ground,
 fledge or parched nerves; meane things to
 found
 rare an art on; when there might be given
 all earth for matter with the gyre of heaven.
 o keepe her slender fingers from the Sunne,
 in through the pastures oftentimes hath runne
 o plucke the speckled fox-gloves from their
 stem,
 and on those fingers neatly placed them.
 he honey-suckles would he often strip,
 and lay their sweetnesse on her sweeter lip:
 and then, as in reward of such his paine,
 p from those cherries some of it againe.
 some say that Nature, while this lovely maide
 liv'd on our plaines, the teeming earth araide
 With Damaske roses in each pleasant place,
 That men might liken somewhat to her face.
 Others report: Venus, afraid her sonne
 might love a mortall, as he once had done,
 Prefer'd

Prefer'd an earnest sute to highest Jove,
 That he which bore the winged shafts of love
 Might be debar'd his sight, which sute
 sign'd,

And ever since the God of Love is blynde.
 Hence is't he shootes his shafts so cleane aw
 Men learne to love when they should learne
 dye.

And women, which before to love began
 Man without wealth, love wealth without a man
 Great Pan of his kinde nymph had the
 bracing.

Long, yet too short a time. For as in tracing
 These pithfull rushes, such as are aloft,
 By those that rais'd them presently are brought
 Beneath unseene: So in the love of Pan
 (For Gods in love doe undergoe as man)
 She, whose affection made him rayse his song
 And (for her sport) the Satyres rude among
 Tread wilder measures, then the frolike gues
 That lift their light heeles at Lyëus feasts;
 She, by the light of whose quicke-turning eye
 He never read but of felicitie.

She whose assurance made him more then Pan
 Now makes him farre more wretched then
 man.

For mortals in their losse have death a friend,
 When Gods have losses, but their losse no end

chanc'd one morne (clad in a robe of gray,
 blushing oft as rising to betray)
 'd this lovely maiden from her bed
 when the roses have discovered
 their raintlesse beauties, flies the earely bee
 out the winding allyes merrily)
 the wood: and 'twas her usuall sport,
 where most harmonious birds resort,
 imitate their warbling in a quill
 brought by the hand of Pan, which she did fill
 full with water: and with it hath made
 a nightingale (beneath a fullen shade)
 chant her utmost lay, nay, to invent
 notes to passe the other's instrument,
 (harmlesse soule) ere she would leave that
 strife,
 her last song and ended with her life.
 gladly chusing (as doe other some)
 her to dye then live and be o'recome.
 as in Autumne (when birds cease their
 noates,
 and stately Forrests d'on their yealow coates,
 when Ceres golden lockes are nearely shorne,
 and mellow fruit from trees are roughly torne)
 little lad set on a bancke to shale
 the ripened nuts pluck'd in a woody vale,
 frighted thence (of his deare life afeard)
 some wilde bull lowde bellowing for the heard:

So

So while the nymph did earnestly contest
 Whether the birds or she recorded best,
 A ravenous wolfe, bent eager to his prey,
 Rush'd from a theevish brake, and making way
 The twyned thornes did crackle one by one,
 As if they gave her warning to be gone.
 A rougher gale bent downe the lashing boughes
 To beate the beast from what his hunger vowes
 When she (amaz'd) rose from her haplesse seat
 (Small is resistance where the feare is great)
 And striving to be gone, with gaping jawes,
 The wolfe pursues, and as his rending pawes
 Were like to seise, a holly bent betweene,
 For which good deepe his leaves are ever greene

Saw you a lusty mastive, at the stake,
 Throwne from a cunning bull, more fierced
 make

A quicke returne; yet to prevent the goare,
 Or deadly bruize, which he escap'd before,
 Wynde here and there, nay creepe if right
 bred,

And proffring otherwhere, fight still at head:
 So though the stubborn boughes did thrust him
 backe

(For Nature, loath, so rare a jewel's wracke,
 Seem'd as she here and there had plash'd a tree
 If possible to hinder destiny.)

Th

savage beast, foaming with anger, flies
 more fiercely than before, and now he tries
 his mights to take the maide; as I have seene
 a tumble tumbler on a burrow'd greene,
 cleane awry his course, yet give a checke,
 throw himselfe upon a rabbit's necke.
 As he hotly chas'd the love of Pan,
 out of a thicket ran,
 whom he quickly turn'd, as if he meant
 to save the maide, but when she swiftly bent
 her race downe to the plaine, the swifter deere
 none forsooke. And now was got so neere
 (all in vaine) she turned to and fro'
 as well she could) but not prevailing so,
 she thlesse and weary calling on her love,
 she fearefull shrikes that all the Ecchoes move,
 (to call him to) she fell down deadly wan,
 she ends her sweet life with the name of Pan.
 O youthfull shepheard, of the neighbour wold,
 bring that morne a sheepe out of his fold,
 he fully seeking round to finde his stray,
 he on the instant where this damself lay.
 Heer and pittie, in his manly brest,
 he yet restraine his teares. Sweet maide
 possessest
 with he) with lasting sleepe, accept from me
 end, who ended thy hard destinie!

With

With that his strong dog, of no dastard kind
 (Swift as the foales conceived by the winde)
 He sets upon the wolfe, that now with speed
 Flyes to the neighbour-wood, and least a deer
 So full of ruthe should unrevenge'd be,
 The shepheard followes too, so earnestly
 Chearing his dog that he neere turn'd againe
 Till the curst wolfe lay strangled on the plain

The ruin'd temple of her purer soule
 The shepheard buryes. All the nymphes condole
 So great a losse, while on a Cypresse grasse,
 Neere to her grave, they hung this Epitaph:

LEASt loathed age might spoyle the world
 in whom

All earth delighted, Nature tooke it home,
 Or angry all hers else were carelesse deem'd
 Here hid her best to have the rest esteem'd.
 For feare men might not thinke the fates
 crosse

But by their rigour in as great a losse.
 If to the grave there ever was assign'd
 One like this nymph in body and in minde,
 We wish her here in balme not vainely spent
 To fit this maiden with a monument.
 For brasse and marble, were they seated here
 Would fret or melt in teares to lye so neere.

FINIS

Now

VOL. I

Now Pan may fit and tune his pipe alone
 Among the wished shades, since she is gone
 Whose willing care allur'd him more to play,
 Then if to heare him should Apollo stay.
 Yet happy Pan! and in thy love more blest,
 Whom none but onely death hath disposselt;
 While others love as well, yet live to be
 Less wrong'd by fate then by inconstancy.
 The sable mantle of the silent night
 Sent from the world the ever-joyfome light.
 Are fled away, and softest slumbers please
 To leave the court for lowly cottages.
 Wilde beasts forsooke their dens on woody hills,
 And sleightful otters left the purling rils;
 Lookes to their nests in high woods now were
 flung,
 And with their spread wings shield their naked
 young.
 When theeves from thickets to the crosse-ways stir,
 And terrour frights the loanely passenger.
 When nought was heard but now and then the
 howle
 Of some vile curre, or whooping of the Owle;
 Pan, that the day before was farre away
 At shepherds sports, 'return'd; and as he lay
 Within the bowre wherein he most delighted,
 Was by a gastly vision thus affrighted:

Heart-thrilling grones first heard he round his
bowre,

And then the schrich-owle with her utmost
powre

Labour'd her loathed note, the forrests bending

With windes, as Hecate had beene ascending.

Hereat his curled hayres on end doe rise,

And chilly drops trill o're his staring eyes:

Faine would he call, but knew not who nor

why,

Yet getting heart at last would up and try,

If any devilish hag were come abroad

With some kinde mother's late deliver'd load,

A ruthlesse bloody sacrifice to make

To those infernall powres, that by the lake

Of mighty Styx and blacke Cocytus dwell,

Ayding each witche's charme and misticke spell.

But as he rais'd himself within his bed,

A sodaine light about his lodging spread,

And therewithall his love, all ashy pale

As evening mist from up a watry vale,

Appear'd, and weakly neere his bed she prest,

A ravell'd wound distain'd her purer brest,

(Brests softer farre then tufts of unwrought
silke)

Whence had she liv'd to give an infant milke,

The vertue of that liquor (without ods)

Had made her babe immortall as the Gods.

Pan

an would have spoke, but him she thus pre-
vents:

Wonder not that the troubled Elements
speake my approach; I draw no longer breath,
but am inforced to the shades of death.
My exequies are done, and yet before
I take my turne to be transported o're
The neather floods among the shades of Dis,
To end my journey in the fields of blisse:
I come to tell thee, that no humane hand
Made me seeke wastage on the Stygian strand;
It was an hungry wolfe that did imbrue
Himselfe in my last blood. And now I sue,
I hate to all that kinde, and shepherds good,
To be revenged on that cursed brood.
I can vow'd, and would have clipt her, but she
fled,

And, as she came, so quickly vanished.

Looke as a well-growne stately headed bucke,
But lately by the woodman's arrow stricke,
Runs gadding o're the lawnes, or nimbly strays
Among the combrous brakes a thousand wayes,
Now through the high-wood scowrs, then by
the brooks,

On every hill side, and each vale he lookes,
If 'mongst their flore of simples may be found
An hearbe to draw and heale his smarting
wound,

But when he long hath sought, and all in vaine
Steales to the covert closely backe againe,
Where round ingirt with ferne more high
sprung,

Strives to appease the raging with his tongue,
And from the speckled heard absents him till
He be recover'd somewhat of his ill :
So wounded Pan turnes in his restlesse bed ;
But finding thence all ease abandoned,
He rose, and through the wood distracted runs
Yet carryes with him what in vaine he shuns.
Now he exclaim'd on Fate : and wish'd he ne're
Had mortall lov'd, or that he mortall were.
And sitting lastly on an oake's bare trunke
(Where raine in winter stood long time unfunck)
His plaints he gan renew, but then the light,
That through the boughes flew from the Queen
of night,

(As giving him occasion to repine)
Bewrayde an elme imbraced by a vine,
Clipping so strictly that they seem'd to be
One in their growth, one shade, one fruit, one
tree.

Her boughes his armes, his leaves so mixt with
hers,

That with no winde he mov'd but streight she stirr'd
As shewing all should be, whom love combynde
In motion one, and onely two in kynde.

This

his more afflicts him, while he thinketh most
not on his losse, but on the substance lost.

haplesse Pan, had there but beene one by,
tell thee (though as poore a swaine as I)
ough (whether casuall meanes or death doe
move)

We part not without grieve things held with
love:

Yet in their losse some comfort may be got

If we doe minde the time we had them not."

his might have lessen'd somewhat of thy paine,

made thee love as thou mightst loose againe.

thou the best of women didst forgoe

igh if thou foundst her, or did'st make her so;

she were found so, know there's more then

one;

made, the worke-man lives, though she be

gone.

ould from mine eyes the light be tane away,

et night her pleasures hath as well as day.

ad my desires to heaven yeeld lesse offence,

nce blindnesse is a part of innocence.

though thy love sleepe in eternall night,

et there's in loannesse somewhat may delight.

stead of dalliance, partnership in woes,

wants, the care to keepe, and feare to loose.

r jealousies and fortune's baser pelse,

e rest injoyes that well injoyes himselfe.

Had some one told thee thus, or thou hadst
thought thee

Of inward help, thy sorrow had not brought thee
To weigh misfortune by another's good:

Nor leave thy seate to range about the wood.

Stay where thou art, turne where thou wilt
before,

Light yeelds small comfort, nor hath darkness
more.

A woody hill there stood, at whose low feet
Two goodly streames in one broad channell
meet,

Whose fretfull waves beating against the hill,
Did all the bottome with soft muttrings fill.

Here in a nooke made by another mount
(Whose stately oakes are in no lesse account
For height or spreading, then the proudest be
That from Oëta looke on Thessaly)

Rudely o're hung there is a vaulted cave
That in the day as fullen shadowes gave,

As evening to the woods. An uncouth place
(Where hags and goblins might retire a space)

And hated now of shepheards, since there lay
The corps of one, (lesse loving deities

Then we affected him) that never lent
His hand to ought but to our detriment.

A man that onely liv'd to live no more,
And dy'de still to be dying. Whose chiefe sto

virtue, was, his hate did not pursue her,
 because he onely heard of her, not knew her.
 That knew no good, but onely that his sight
 every thing had still his opposite.
 And ever this his apprehension caught,
 That what he did was best, the other naught.
 That alwayes lov'd the man that never lov'd,
 And hated him whose hate no death had mov'd.
 That (politique) at fitting time and season,
 Would hate the traitor, and yet love the treason.
 That many a wofull heart (ere his decease)
 In pieces tore to purchase his owne peace.
 Who never gave his almes but in this fashion,
 To salve his credit, more then for salvation.
 Who on the names of good-men ever fed,
 And (most accursed) sold the poore for bread.
 Light like the pitch-tree, from whose any limbe
 Comes never twig, shall be the seede of him.
 The Muses, scorn'd by him, laugh at his fame,
 And never will vouchsafe to speake his name.
 Let no man for his losse one teare let fall,
 But perish with him his memoriall!
 Into this cave the God of Shepherds went,
 The trees in grones, the rockes in teares lament
 His fatall chance, the brookes that whilome left
 To heare him play while his faire mistresse slept,
 Now left their eddies and such wanton moods,
 And with loud clamours fild the neighbring woods

There spent he most of night; but when the
day,

Drew from the earth her pitchy vaile away,
When all the flowry plaines with carols rung
That by the mounting larke were shrilly sung,
When dusky mists rose from the christall floods,
And darknesse no where raig'n'd but in the
woods;

Pan left the cave, and now intends to finde
The sacred place where lay his love enshrinde;
A plot of earth, in whose chill armes was laid
As much perfection as had ever maide:
If curious Nature had but taken care

To make more lasting, what she made so faire,

Now wanders Pan the arched groves, and hills
Where Fayeries often danc'd, and shepherds quill
In sweet contentions pass'd the tedious day:
Yet (being earely) in his unknowne way
Met not a shepherd, nor on all the plaine
A flocke then feeding saw, nor of his traine
One jolly Satyre stirring yet abroad,
Of whom he might inquire; this to the loader
Of his affliction addes; now he invokes
Those * Nymphes in mighty forrests, that with
oakes

Have equall fates, each with her severall tree
Receiving birth, and ending, destinie.

* Hamadriades.

on all powres, intreats that he might have
 for his love, the knowledge of her grave;
 at since the Fates had tane the jem away,
 might but see the carknet where it lay;
 doe fit right to such a part of molde,
 vering so rare a piece, that all the gold
 dyamond earth can yeeld, for value, ne're
 allmatch the treasure which was hidden there!

A hunting nymph awakened with his mone,
 that in a bowre neere-hand lay all alone,
 crying her small armes round her slenderwaiste
 that by no others us'd to be imbrac'd)

ot up, and knowing what the day before
 as guiltie of, she addes not to his store
 as many simply doe, whose friends so crost
 they more afflict by shewing what is lost:

ut bid him follow her. He, as she leades,
 rgeth her hast. So a kinde mother treads
 earnest, distracted, where, with blood defil'de,
 he heares lyes dead her deere and onely childe.
 Mistrust now wing'd his feet, then raging ire,
 For speede comes ever lamely to desire."

Delayes, the stones that waiting suiters grinde,
 y whom at Court the poor man's cause is sign'd.

Who, to dispatch a suite, will not deferre
 To take Death for a joynt commissioner.

Delay, the wooer's bane, revenges hate,

The plague to creditor's decaid estate;

The

The test of patience, of our hopes the racke
That drawes them forth so long untill the
cracke ;

Vertue's best benefactor in our times,
One that is set to punish great men's crimes,
She that hath hindred mighty Pan awhile,
Now steps aside: and as o're-flowing Nyle
Hid from * Clymene's sonne his reeking head
So from his rage all opposition fled ;
Giving him way, to reach the timelesse toombe
Of Nature's glory, for whose ruthlesse doome
(When all the Graces did for mercy pleade,
And Youth and Goodness both did intercede)
The sonnes of Earth (if living) had been
driven

To heape-on hils, and warre anew with Heaven
The shepheards which he mist upon the downe
Here meetes he with: for from the neighboring
townes

Maidens and men resorted to the grave
To see a wonder more then time e're gave.

The holy priests had told them, long ago
Amongst the learned shepheards there was one
So given to pietie, and did adore
So much the name of Pan; that when no more
He breath'd, those that to ope his heart began
Found written there with gold the name of Pan.
Which

* Phaeton.

which, unbeleeving man, that is not mov'd
 credit ought, if not by reason prov'd,
 and tyes the over-working powre to doe
 ought otherwise then Nature reacheth to,
 as most fabulous : not inly seeing,
 the hand by whom we live, and all have being,
 to worke for admirable doth intend,
 which Reason hath the powre to comprehend ;
 and Faith no merit hath from heaven lent
 where humane reason yeelds experiment.
 Till now they durst not trust the legend old,
 seeming all not true their elders tolde ;
 and had not this last accident made good
 the former, most in unbelieve had stood.
 But Fame that spread the bruite of such a
 wonder,
 bringing the swaines of places far asunder
 to this selected plot (now famous more
 then any grove, mount, plaine, had beene
 before,
 by relieke, vision, buriall, or birth
 of Anchoreffe, or Hermit yet, on earth.)
 Out of the maiden's bed of endlesse rest,
 shewes them a tree new growne, so fairely drest
 With spreading armes and curled top, that Jove
 Ne're braver saw in his Dodonian grove.
 The hart-like leaves oft each with other pyle,
 doe the hard scales of the crocodile ;

And

And none on all the tree was seene but bore,
 Written thereon in rich and purest ore,
 The name of Pan; whose lustre farre beyond
 Sparkl'd, as by a torch the dyamond.
 Or those bright spangles which, fayre Goddesse
 doe

Shine in the hayre of these which follow you,
 The shepheards, by direction of great Pan,
 Search'd for the roote, and finding it began
 In her true heart, bids them againe inclose
 What now his eyes for ever, ever, lose.

Now in the self-same spheare his thoughts must
 move

With * him that did the shady plane-tree love,
 Yet though no issue from her loynes shall be
 To draw from Pan a noble peddgree,
 And Pan shall not, as other Gods have done,
 Glory in deedes of an heroicke sonne,
 Nor have his name in countryes neere and farre
 Proclaim'd; as by his childe the Thunderer;
 If Phœbus on this tree spread warming rayes,
 And northerne blasts kill not her tender sprays,
 His love shall make him famous in repute,
 And still increase his name, yet beare no fruite.

To make this sure (the God of Shepheards last)
 (When other ceremonies were o're-past)

And

* Xerxes.

d to performe what he before had vow'd
dire revenge. Thus spake unto the crow'd:
What I have lost, kinde shepheards, all you
know ;

d to recount it were to dwell in woe ;
shew my passion in a funerall song,
d with my sorrow draw your sighes along,
ords, then, well plac'd, might challenge some-
what due,
d not the cause alone, winne teares from
you.

is to prevent, I set orations by
For passion seldome loves formalitie."
hat profits it a prisoner at the barre,
have his judgement spoken regular ?
in the prison heare it often read,
hen he at first knew what was forfeited ?
r griefes in other's teares, like plate in water,
me more in quantitie. To be relator
my mishaps, speakes weakenesse, and that I
ve in myselfe no powre of remedy.

Once (yet that once too often) heretofore
e silver Ladon on his sandy shore
ard my complaints, and those coole groves
that be

ading the brest of lovely Arcady
itnesse, the teares which I for Syrinx spent.
rinx the faire ; from whom the instrument

That

That fills your feasts with joy (which when I be
 Drawes to the fagging dug milke white as snow
 Had his beginning. This enough had beene
 To shew the Fates (my * deemed sisters) teene
 Here had they staid, this adage had beene not
 "That our disasters never come alone."
 What boot is it, though I am said to be
 The worthy sonne of Mercury?
 That I, with gentle nymphes in Forrests high
 Kist out the sweet time of my infancie?
 And when more yeares had made me ab
 growne,

Was through the mountaines for their lead
 knowne?

That high-brow'd Mænalus where I was bred
 And stony hills, not few, have honoured
 Me as protector, by the hands of swaines
 Whose sheepe retyre there from the open plain
 That I in shepheards cups († rejecting gold)
 Of milke and hony measures eight times told
 Have offred to me; and the ruddy wine
 Fresh and new pressed from the bleeding vine
 That gleeesome hunters, pleased with their spo
 With sacrifices due have thank'd me for't.
 That patient anglers standing all the day
 Neere to some shallow stickle or deepe bay;

* Pronapis; in suo Protocosmo.

† Apollonius Smyrnæus.

and fishermen, whose nets have drawne to land
 shoale so great it well-nye hides the sand,
 such successe, some Promontories head
 trust at by waves, hath knowne me worshipped?
 to increase my grieve, what profits this?
 Since still the losse is as the looser is."
 The many kernell-bearing pyne of late
 from all trees else to me was consecrate;
 now behold a roote more worth my love,
 equal to that which in an obscure grove
 Iernall Juno proper takes to her:
 Whose golden slip the Trojan wanderer
 (by sage Cumœan Sybil taught) did bring
 (by Fates decreed) to be the warranting
 of his free passage, and a safe repayre
 through darke Avernus to the upper ayre.
 this must I succour, this must I defend,
 and from the wild boare's rooting ever shend,
 ere shall the wood-pecker no entrance finde,
 nor Tivy's bevers gnaw the clothing rinde;
 nor Ambeder's heards, nor Radnor's goodly deere,
 shall never once be seene a browsing here.
 And now ye British swaines (whose harmlesse
 sheepe
 when all the world's beside I joy to keepe)
 which spread on every plaine, and hilly wold,
 receive no lesse esteem'd then that of gold,

For

• Virgil's *Æneis*, b. vi.

For whose exchange one Indy jems of price
The other gives you of her choicest spice.

And well she may ; but we unwise, the while
Lessen the glory of our fruitfull isle :
Making those nations thinke we foolish are,
For baser drugs to vent our richer ware,
Which (save the bringer) never profit man,
Except the Sexten and Physitian.

And whether change of clymes, or what it be
That proves our mariners mortalitie,
Such expert men are spent for such bad fares
As might have made us Lords of what is there
Stay, stay at home, ye nobler spirits, and prize
Your lives more high then such base trumperie
Forbeare to fetch ; and they'le goe neere to find
And at your owne doores offer them to you ;
Or have their woods and plaines so overgrown
With poysonous weeds, roots, gums, and seeds
unknowne ;

That they would hire such weeders as you be
To free their land from such fertilitie.
Their spices hot their nature best indures,
But 'twill impayre and much distemper you
What our owne soyle affords befits us best.
And long, and long, for ever may we rest
Needlesse of help ! and may this isle alone
Furnish all other lands, and this land none !

Exc

excuse me Thetis, quoth the aged man,
 passion drew me from the words of Pan!
 which thus I follow: You whose flocks, quoth he,
 my protection, quit your industry,
 all the good I have and yet may give
 such as on the plaines hereafter live,
 I intreat what is not hard to grant,
 let not a hand rend from this holy plant
 the smallest branch; and who so cutteth this
 for th' offence; to me so haynous 'tis.
 Why the floods infernall here I sweare
 no oath whose breach the greatest Gods forbear)
 Phoebe thrice twelve times shall fill her hornes
 with furzy tuft, thicke wood, nor brake of thornes
 all harbour Wolfe, nor in this isle shall breed,
 nor live one of that kinde: if what's decreed
 I keepe inviolate. To this they swore:
 Since those beasts have frightened us no more.
 I swaine (quoth Thetis) what is this you tell,
 what you feare shall fall on Philocel?
 Queene attend; but oh! I feare, quoth he,
 I have ended my sad history,
 staying time may bring on his last houre,
 and so defraud us of thy wished powre.
 And goes a shepheard, give me leave to run
 and know the time of execution,
 as aged limbes I can a little straine,
 and quickly (come to end the rest) againe.

THE HISTORY OF THE
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AT THE SIGN OF THE BELL
IN THE STRAITS
1784

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R I T A N N I A's

P A S T O R A L S.

THE FIFTH SONG.

THE ARGUMENT.

*Within this Song my Muse doth tell
The worthy Fact of Philocel,
And how his Love and he in Thrall
To Death depriv'd of Funeral',
The Queene of Waves doth gladly save;
And frees Marina from the Cave.*

O soone as can a martin from our towne
to the river underneath the downe,
And backe returne with mortar in her bill,
The little cranny in her nest to fill,
The shepherd came. And thus began anew:
Two houres, alas! onely two houres are due
In time to him, 'tis sentenc'd so of those
That here on earth as destinies dispose
The lives and deaths of men; and that time past
Yields his judgement leave and breathes his last.
But to the cause. Great Goddesse understand
Mona ille thrust from the Brittish land,

As (since it needed nought of others store)
It would intyre be, and a part no more,
'There liv'd a maid so faire, that for her sake
Since she was borne the isle had never snake,
Nor were it fit a deadly sling should be
To hazard such admired symmetrie,
So many beauties so commixt in one,
That all delight were dead if she were gone.
Shepheards that in her cleare eyes did delight
Whilst they were open never held it night:
And were they shut, although the morning gra
Call'd up the Sun, they hardly thought it day.
Or if they call'd it so, they did not passe
Withall to say it eclipsed was.
The roses on her cheekes, such, as each turne
Phœbus might kisse, but had no powre to burne
From her sweet lips distill sweets sweeter doe,
'Then from a cherry halfe way cut in two:
Whose yeelding touch would as Promethean
fire
Lumps truly senslesse with a muse inspire,
Who praying her would youth's desire so
stirre,
Each man in minde should be a ravisher.
Some say the nimble-witted Mercury
Went late disguis'd professing palmistrie,
And milke-maides fortunes told about the land,
Onely to get a touch of her soft hand.

that a shepherd walking on the brim
 a cleare streame where she did use to swim,
 her by chance, and thinking she had beene
 chastitie the pure and fairest Queene,
 he thence dismaid, least he by her decree
 might undergoe * Aëteon's destinie.

And youth's kinde heate inflame me (but the
 snow

upon my head, shewes it cool'd long agoe)
 then could give (fitting so faire a feature)
 ought to her fame, and fame to such a creature.
 then now much like a man the palse shakes,
 and spectacles befriend, yet undertakes
 to lymbe a lady, to whose red and white
 pelles curious hand would owe some right;
 is too unsteady pencell, shadows here
 somewhat too much, and gives not over cleere;
 his eye deceiv'd mingles his colours wrong,
 here strikes too little, and here staves too
 long,

does and undoes, takes off, puts on (in vaine)
 now too much white, then too much red-againe,
 and thinking then to give some speciall grace,
 he workes it ill, or so mistakes the place,
 that she which fits were better pay for nought,
 then have it ended, and so lamely wrought:

N 3

So

* See Ovid's Metam. b. III. Palæphatus de
 incredibilibus historiis. p. 9. Edit. Du Gard.

So doe I in this weake description erre ;
 And striving more to grace more injure her
 For ever where true worth for praise doth ce
 He rightly nothing gives that gives not all.
 But as a lad who learning to divide,
 By one small misse the whole hath falsified.

Cœlia men call'd, and rightly call'd her for
 Whom Philocel (of all the swaines I know
 Most worthy) lov'd: alas! that love should
 Subject to fortune's mutabilitie !

What ever learned bards to fore have sung,
 Or to the plaines shepheards and maydens you
 Of sad mishaps in love are set to tell,
 Comes short to match the fate of Philocel.

For as a labourer toyling at a bay
 To force some cleere streame from his wonted
 Working on this side sees the water run
 Where he wrought last, and thought it firm
 done;

And that leake stopt, heares it come breaking
 Another where, in a farre greater spout,
 Which mended too, and with a turffe made t
 The brooke is ready to o'reflow the brim,
 Or in the bancke the water having got
 Some mole-hole, runs, where he expected no
 And when all's done, still feares, least some gr
 raine

Might bring a flood and throw all downe again

in our shepherd's love, one hazard gone
 another still as bad was coming on.
 This danger past, another doth begin,
 And one mishap thrust out lets twenty in.
 For he that loves, and in it hath no stay,
 Limits his blisse feld' past the marriage day.
 But Philocel's, alas! and Cœlia's too
 Must ne'er attaine so farre as others doe.
 The Fortune in them from her course should
 swerve,
 Who most afflicts those that most goods deserve.
 Twice had the glorious Sun run through the
 signes,
 And with his kindly heate improv'd the mines,
 As such affirme with certaine hopes that try
 The vaine and fruitlesse art of Alchymie)
 Since our swaine lov'd: and twice had Phœbus bin
 In horned Aries taking up his inne,
 Ere he of Cœlia's heart possession wonne.
 And since that time all his intentions done
 Nothing, to bring her thence. All eyes upon her,
 Watchfull, as Vertues are on truest honour.
 Kept on the i sle as carefully of some,
 As by the Trojans their * Palladium.
 But where's the fortresse that can love debarre?
 The forces to oppose when he makes warre?

N 4

The

* Virgil's *Æneis*, b. II.

The watch which he shall never finde asleepe
 The spye that shall disclose his counsels deepe
 That fort, that force, that watch, that spy
 would be

A lasting stop to a fifth Empery.

But we as well may keepe the heate from fire
 As sever hearts whom love hath made intyre.

In lovely May, when Titan's golden rayes
 Make ods in houres between the nights and
 dayes;

And weigheth almost downe th' once-eaven scale

Where night and day, by th' Æquinoctiall

Were laid in ballance, as his powre he bent

To banish Cynthia from her regiment,

To Latmus stately hill; and with his light

To rule the upper world both day and night,

Making the poore Antipodes to feare

A like conjunction 'twixt great Jupiter

And some Alcmena new, or that the Sun

From their horizon did obliquely run:

This time the swaines and maidens of the isle

The day with sportive dances doe beguile,

And every valley rings with shepheards songs,

And every eccho each sweet noate prolongs,

And every river, with unusuall pride,

And dimpled cheeke, rowles sleeping to the tyde

And lesier springs, which ayrie-breeding woods

Preferre as hand-maides to the mighty floods,

Scarce

force fill up halfe their channels, making haste
 in feare, as boyes) least all the sport be past.
 Now was the Lord and Lady of the May
 meeting the May-pole at the breake of day,
 and Cœlia as the fairest on the greene,
 not without some maids envy, chosen Queene.
 Now was the time com'n when our gentle swaine
 must inne his harvest or lose all againe;
 Now must he plucke the rose, least other hands,
 or tempests, blemish what so fairely stands:
 and therefore, as they had before decreed,
 our shepheard gets a boate, and with all speede
 at night (that doth on lovers actions smile)
 arrived safe on Mona's fruitfull isle.

Betweene two rockes (immortall, without mo-
 ther)

That stand as if out-facing one another,
 There ran a creeke up, intricate and blinde,
 as if the waters hid them from the winde,
 Which never wash'd but at a higher tyde
 The frizled coates which doe the mountaines
 hide,

Where never gale was longer knowne to stay
 Then from the smooth wave it had swept away
 The new divorced leaves, that from each side
 Left the thicke boughes to dance out with the tyde.
 At further end the creeke, a stately wood
 Gave a kinde shadow (to the brackish flood)

Made

Made up of trees, not leſſe kend by each ſkin
Then that ſky-ſcaling Pike of Tenerife,
Upon whoſe tops the Herneshew bred her young
And hoary moſſe upon their branches hung;
Whoſe rugged ryndes ſufficient were to ſhow,
Without their height, what time they gan
grow.

And if dry eld by wrinckled skinne appears
None could allot them lesse then Nestor's yeares
As under their command the thronged creeke
Ran lessened up. Here did the shepheard seek
Where he his little boate might safely hide,
Till it was fraught with what the world beside
Could not outvaleur; nor give equall weight
Though in the time when Greece was at her
height.

The ruddy horses of the roſie morne
Out of the Eaſterne gates had newly borne
Their bluſhing miſtreſſe in her golden chaire,
Spreading new light throughout our hemiſpheare
When faireſt Cœlia with a lovelyer crew
Of damſels than brave Latmus ever knew,
Came forth to meet the younſters; who had here
Cut downe an oake that long withouten peere
Bore his round head imperiouſly above
His other mates there, conſecrate to Jove.
The wiſhed time drew on: and Cœlia now
(That had the fame for her white arch'd brow

While

While all her lovely fellowes busied were.
 In picking off the jems from Tellus haire,
 Made tow' rds the creeke, where Philocel unspide
 Of maid or shepheard that their May-games
 plide)
 Receiv'd his wish'd-for Cœlia; and begun
 To steere his boate contrary to the Sun,
 Who could have wish'd another in his place
 To guide the carre of light, or that his race
 Were to have end (so he might blesse his hap)
 In Cœlia's bosome, not in Thetis lap.
 The boat oft danc'd for joy of what it held,
 The hoyst - up faile, not quicke but gently
 sweld,
 And often shooke, as fearing what might fall,
 Ere she deliver'd what she went withall.
 Winged * Argestes, faire Aurora's sonne,
 Licenc'd that day to leave his dungeon,
 Meekely attended; and did never erre
 Till Cœlia grac'd our land, and our land her.
 As through the waves their love-fraught wherry
 ran

A many Cupids, each set on his swan,
 Guided with reynes of gold and silver twist
 The spotlesse birds, about them, as they list,
 Which

* The Western Wind. And supposed (with the
 Stars) the Birth of Aurora by Astræus, as Apollo-
 dorus: *Ἦέως δὲ καὶ Ἀστράϊον ἄνεμοι καὶ ἀστρα-*

Which would have fung a fong (ere they were
gone)

Had unkinde Nature given them more than
one;

Or in bestowing that, had not done wrong,
And made their sweet lives forsaite, one fong.

Yet that their happy voyage might not be
Without tymes shortner, Heav'n-taught melodie
(Musicke that lent feet to the stable woods,
And in their currents turn'd the mightie floods
Sorrowes sweet nurse, yet keeping joy alive,
Sad discontent's most welcome corrasive,
The soule of art, best lov'd when love is by,
The kinde inspirer of sweet poesie,
Least thou should'st wanting be, when swans
would faine

Have fung one fong, and never fung againe)
The gentle shepheard, hasting to the shore,
Began this lay, and tym'd it with his oare.

NEVERMORE let holy Dee
O're other rivers brave,
Or boast how (in his jollity)
Kings row'd upon his wave.
But silent be, and ever know
That Neptune for my fare would row.

Those

Those were captives. If he say
That now I am no other,
Yet she that beares my prison's key
Is fairer then love's mother;
A God tooke me, those one lesse high,
They wore their bonds, so doe not I.

Swell then, gently swell ye floods
As proud of what ye beare,
And nymphes that in low corall woods
String pearles upon your hayre,
Ascend: and tell if ere this day
A fayrer prize was seene at sea.

See the salmons leape and bound
To please us as we passe,
Each mermaid on the rockes around,
Lets fall her britt'e glasse.
As they their beauties did despize,
And lov'd no myrrour but your eyes.

Blow, but gently blow fayre winde
From the forsaken shore,
And be as to the Halcyon kinde,
'Till we have ferry'd o're:
So maist thou still have leave to blow,
And fanne the way where she shall goe.

Floods

Floods, and nymphes, and windes, and

That see us both together,
Into a disputation fall;

And then resolve me, whether
The greatest kindnesse each can show,
Will quit our trust of you or no?

Thus as a merry milke-maid, neate and fine,
Returning late from milking of her kine,
Shortens the dew'd way which she treads along
With some selfe-pleasing-since-new-gotten song,
The shepheard did their passage well beguile.

And now the horned flood bore to our isle
His head more high than he had us'd to doe,
Except by Cynthia's newnesse forced to.
Not Januarie's snow, dissolv'd in floods,
Makes Thamar more intrude on Blanchden
woods,

Nor the concourse of waters when they fleete
After a long raine, and in Severne meete,
Rais'th her intraged head to roote faire plants,
Or more affright her nigh inhabitants
(When they behold the waters rufully
And save the waters nothing else can see)
Then Neptune's subject now, more then of yore:
As loath to set his burden soone on shore.

O Neptune! hadst thou kept them still with thee,
Though both were lost to us, and such as we,
And

with those beauteous birds which on thy
breſt

and bring up; afforded them a reſt;
os, that long time wandring piece of earth
d not beene ſam'd more for Diana's birth;
en thoſe few planckes that bore them on the
ſeas,

the bleſt iſſue of two ſuch as theſe.

But they were landed: ſo are not our woes,
ever ſhall, whiſt from an eye there flowes
e drop of moyſture; to theſe preſent times
e will relate, and ſome ſad ſhepherd's rymes
after ages may their fates make knowne,
d in their depth of ſorrow drowne his owne.
our relation, and his mournfull verſe,
teares ſhall force ſuch tribute to their herſe,
at not a private griefe ſhall ever thrive
t in that deluge fall, yet this ſurvive.

Two furlongs from the ſhore they had not
gone,

hen from a low-caſt valley (having on
ch hand a woody hill, whoſe boughes unlopt
are not alone at all times ſadly dropt,
d turn'd their ſtormes on her dejected breſt,
t when the fire of Heaven is ready preſt
o warme and further what it ſhould bring
forth,

lowly dales mate mountaines in their worth)
The

The trees (as screenlike greatnesse) shade
 raye,

As it should shine on none but such as they)
 Came (and full sadly came) a haplesse wretch
 Whose walkes and pastures once were knowne
 stretch

From East to West, so farre that no dyke ran
 For noted bounds, but where the Ocean
 His wrathfull billowes thrust, and grew as gre
 In sholes of fish as were the others neate.
 Who now dejected and depriv'd of all
 Longs (and hath done so long) for funerall.
 For as with hanging head I have beheld
 A widdow vine, stand, in a naked field,
 Unhusbanded, neglected, all forlorne,
 Brouz'd on by deere, by cattle cropt and torn
 Unpropt, unsuccoured by stake or tree,
 From wreakefull stormes impetuous tyranny,
 When had a willing hand lent kind redresse,
 Her pregnant bunches might from out the prest
 Have sent a liquor both for taste and show
 No lesse divine then those of Malligo:
 Such was this wight, and such she might ha
 beene.

She both th' extreames hath felt of Fortune
 teene,

For never have we heard from times of yore,
 One sometime envy'd and now pittty'd more.

her object, as her state, is low as earth;
 her companion; thoughts of mirth
 some; and in one selfe-same circle turning,
 with sodaine sports brought to a house of
 mourning.

Others good her best believe is still
 constant to her owne in nought but ill.
 Her onely enemy and friend she knowes
 death, who though deferres must end her
 woes.

Her contemplation frightfull as the night,
 she never lookes on any living wight
 without comparison; and as the day
 bereaves us, but takes the glowwormes light away,
 the least ray of blisse on others throwne
 deprives and blindes all knowledge of her owne.
 Her comfort is (if for her any be)
 that none can shew more cause of grieve than she.
 Her somewhat she of adverse fate hath wonne,
 who had undone her were she not undone.
 Her those that on the sea of greatnesse ryde
 are from the quiet shore, and where the tyde
 ebbs and floods is ghets'd, not truely knowne,
 expert of all estates except their owne,
 keeping their station at the helme of state,
 not by their vertues but auspicious fate,
 subject to calmes of favour, stormes of rage,
 their actions noted as the common stage,

Who, like a man borne blinde that cannot be
 By demonstration shewne what 'tis to see,
 Live still in ignorance of what they want,
 Till misery become the adamant,
 And touch them for that poynt, to which, with
 speede,

None comes so sure as by the hand of neede.
 A mirrour strange she in her right hand bore,
 By which her friends from flatterers heretofore
 She could distinguish well; and by her side,
 (As in her full of happinesse) untyde,
 Unforc'd, and uncompel'd, did sadly goe
 (As if partaker of his mistresse woe)
 A loving spanyell, from whose rugged backe
 (The onely thing (but death) she moanes to lacke)
 She pluckes the hayre, and working them in place
 Furthers the suite which modestie intreats.
 Men call her Athliot: who cannot be
 More wretched made by infelicitie,
 Unlesse she here had an immortall breath,
 Or living thus, liv'd timerous of death.

Out of her lowly and forsaken dell
 She running came, and cryde to Philocel,
 Helpe! helpe! kinde shepheard helpe! see yonder
 der where

A lovely Lady hung up by the hayre,
 Struggles, but mildely struggles with the Fates
 Whose thread of life spun to a thread that mates
 Dam

me Nature's in her haire, stayes them to
wonder

While too fine twisting makes it break in sunder.

shrinks the rose that with the flames doth

meet,

gently bowes the virgin parchment sheet,

rowle the waves up and fall out againe,

all her beautious parts, and all in vaine.

me, farre, above my helpe or hope in trying,

knowne, and so more miserably dying,

nothring her torments, in her panting brest

meekely waites the time of her long rest.

when! O hasten then! kinde shepheard

haste.

He went with her: and Cœlia (that had

grac'd

past the world besides) seeing the way

had to goe not farre, rests on the lay.

'Twas near the place where Pan's transformed

love

erguilded leaves displaid, and boldly strove

lustre with the sun: a sacred tree

round and kept from violation free:

those smallest spray rent off, we never prize

lesse than life. Herè, though her heavenly

eyes

from him she lov'd could scarce afford a sight

as if for him they onely had their light)

Those kinde and brighter starres were knowne
to erre

And to all misery betrayed her.

For turning them aside, she (haplesse) spies
The holy tree, and (as all novelties
In tempting women have small labour lost
Whether for value nought, or of more cost)
Led by the hand of uncontroll'd desire
She rose, and thither went. A wrested bryer
Onely kept close the gate which led into it
(Easie for any all times to undoe it,
That with a pious hand hung on the tree
Garlands or raptures of sweet poesie)
Which by her opened, with unweeting hand,
A little spray she pluckt, whose rich leaves fan
And chatter'd with the ayre, as who should say
Doe not for once, O doe not this bewray!
Nor give sound to a tongue for that intent!
"Who ignorantly finnes dyes innocent."

By this was Philocel returning backe,
And in his hand the Lady; for whose wrack
Nature had cleane forsworne to frame a wight
So wholly pure, so truely exquisite:
But more deform'd, and from a rough-hewn
mold,

Since what is best lives feldome to be old.
Within their sight was fayrest Cœlia now;
Who drawing neere, the life-priz'd golden bow

He

Her love beheld. And as a mother kinde
What time the new-cloath'd trees by gusts of
winde

Unmov'd, stand wistly listning to those layes
The feather'd quiristers upon their sprayes
Chaunt to the merry Spring, and in the even
She with her little sonne for pleasure given,
To tread the fring'd banckes of an amorous
flood,

That with her musicke courts a fullen wood,
Where ever talking with her onely blisse
That now before and then behinde her is,
She stoopes for flowres the choicest may be had,
And bringing them to please her prittie lad,
Spyes in his hand some banefull flowre or weed,
Whereon he gins to smell, perhaps to feede,
With a more earnest haste she runs unto him,
And puls that from him which might else undoe
him:

So to his Cœlia hasted Philocel,
And raught the bough away. Hid it: and fell
To question if she broke it, or if then
An eye beheld her? Of the race of men
(Replide she) when I took it from the tree
Assure yourselfe was none to testifie,
But what hath past since in your hand, behold
A fellow running yonder over the wold

Is well inform'd of. Can there (love) infue
 Tell me! oh tell me! any wrong to you
 By what my hand hath ignorantly done?
 (Quoth fearefull Cœlia) Philocel! be wonne
 By these unfained teares, as I by thine,
 To make thy greatest forrowes partly mine!
 Cleere up these showres (my fun) quoth Philocel
 The ground it needes not. Nought is so from
 well

But that reward and kind intreaties may
 Make smooth the front of wrath, and this allay
 Thus wisely he suppress his height of woe,
 And did resolve since none but they did know
 Truly who rent it: and the hatefull swaine
 That lately past by them upon the plaine
 (Whom well he knew did beare to him a hate,
 Though undeserved) so inveterate
 That to his utmost powre he would assay
 To make his life have ending with that day.)
 Except in his, had seene it in no hand,
 That he against all throes of Fate would stand
 Acknowledge it his deede, and so afford
 A passage to his heart for justice sword,
 Rather then by her losse the world should be
 Dispiz'd and scorn'd for loosing such as she.

Now (with a vow of secrecy from both)
 Inforcing mirth, he with them homewards go'th

And

And by the time the shades of mighty woods,
 Began to turne them to the easterne floods,
 They thither got: where with undaunted hart
 He welcomes both; and freely doth impart
 Each dainties as a shepheard's cottage yeelds,
 Came from the fruitful woods and fertile fields;
 No way distracted nor disturb'd at all.
 And to prevent what likely might befall
 His truest Coelia, in his apprehending
 Thus to all future care gave final ending:
 Into their cup (wherein for such sweet girles
 Nature would myriades of richest pearles
 Dissolve, and by her powrefull simples strive
 To keepe them still on earth, and still alive)
 Our swaine infus'd a powder which they dranke:
 And to a pleasant roome (set on a banke
 Neere to his cote, where he did often use
 At vacant houres to entertaine his muse)
 Brought them, and seated on a curious bed
 Till what he gave in operation sped,
 And rob'd them of his sight, and him of theirs,
 Those new inlightning will be quench'd with
 teares.

The glasse of Time had well-nye spent the sand
 Had to run, ere with impartiall hand
 Justice must to her upright ballance take him.
 Which he (afraid it might too soone forsake him)

Began to use as quickly as perceive,
And of his love thus tooke his latest leave.

Cælia! thou fairest creature ever eye
Beheld, or yet put on mortalitie!
Cælia that hast but just so much of earth,
As makes thee capable of death! Thou birth
Of every virtue, life of every good!
Whose chastest sports, and daily taking food
Is imitation of the highest powres,
Who to the earth lend seasonable showres,
That it may beare, we to their altars bring
Things worthy their accept, our offering.
I the most wretched creature ever eye
Beheld, or yet put on mortalitie,
Unhappy Philocel, that have of earth
Too much to give my sorrowes endlesse birth,
The spring of sad misfortunes; in whom lyes
No blisse that with thy worth can sympathize,
Clouded with woe that hence will never flit,
Till Death's eternall night grow one with it,
I as a dying swan that sadly sings
Her moanefull dirge unto the silver springs,
Which carelesse of her song glide sleeping by
Without one murmure of kind elegie,
Now stand by thee; and as a turtle's mate
With lamentations inarticulate,
The neere departure from her love bemones
Spend these my bootlesse sighs and killing grones.

Here

Here as a man (by Justice' doome) exile
 To coasts unknowne, to desarts rough and wilde
 And I to take my latest leave of thee:
 Whose happy and heaven-making company
 Might I enjoy to Libia's continent,
 Were blest fruition and not banishment,
 First of those eyes that have already tane
 Their leave of me: lamps fitting for the plane
 Of heavens most powre, and which might ne're
 expire,
 But be as sacred as the vestall fire.
 Then of those plots, where halfe-ros'd lillies be
 Not one by art, but Nature's industry,
 From which I goe as one excluded from
 The taintlesse flowres of blest Elysium.
 Next from those lips I part, and may there be
 No one that shall hereafter second me!
 Guiltlesse of any kisses but their owne,
 Their sweets but to themselves to all unknowne:
 For should our swaines divulge what sweets there be
 Within the sea-clipt bounds of Britanie,
 We should not from invasions be exempted;
 But with that prize would all the world be
 tempted.
 Then from her hart: O no! let that be never
 For if I part from thence I dye for ever.
 Be that the record of my love and name!
 Be that to me as is the Phoenix' flame!

Creating

Creating still anew what Justice' doome
Must yeeld to dust and a forgotten toombe.
Let thy chaste love to me (as shadowes run
In full extent unto the setting sun)
Meet with my fall; and when that I am gone
Backe to thyselfe retyre, and there grow one
If to a second light thy shadow be
Let him still have his ray of love from me;
And if as I, that likewise doe decline,
Be mine or his, or else be his and mine.
But know no other, nor againe be sped,
" She dyes a virgin that but knowes on
bed."

And now from all at once my leave I take,
With this petition, That when thou shalt wake
My teares already spent may serve for thine!
And all thy sorrowes be excus'd by mine!
Yea, rather than my losse should draw on hers
(Heare Heaven the suite which my sad soule
preferres !)

Let this her slumber like Oblivion's streame,
Make her beleieve our love was but a dreame!
Let me be dead in her as to the earth,
Ere Nature loose the grace of such a birth.
Sleepe thou sweet soule from all disquiet free,
And since I now beguile thy destiny,
Let after patience in thy brest arise,
To give his name a life who for thee dyes.

He

dyes for thee that worthy is to dye,
now in leaving that sweet harmonie
which Nature wrought in thee, he drawes not
to him
ough of sorrow that might streight undoe him.
and have for meanes of death his parting hence,
keeping justice still in innocence.
Here staid his tongue, and teares anew began.
parting knowes more of grieve than absence can.
and with a backward pace, and lingring eye,
it and for ever left their company.
By this the curs'd informer of the deede
with wings of mischiefe (and those have most
speede)
into the Priests of Pan had made it knowne.
and (though with grieve enough) where thither
flowne
with strickt command the officers that be
the hands of Justice in her each decree.
those unto judgement brought him: where
accus'd
that with unhappy hand he had abus'd
the holy tree; and by the oath of him
those eye beheld the separated limb,
all doubts dissolv'd; quicke judgement was
awarded,
And but last night) that hither strongly guarded
This

This morne he should be brought; and fr
yond rocke,

(Where every houre new store of mourn
flocke)

He should be head-long throwne (too hard
doome)

To be depriv'd of life; and dead, of toombe

This is the cause, faire goddesse, that appea
Before you now clad in an old man's teares,
Which willingly flow out, and shall doe more
Then many winters have seene heretofore.

But father (quoth she) let me understand
How you are sure that it was Cœlia's hand
Which rent the branch; and then (if you ca
tell

What nymph it was which neere the lonely d
Your shepheard succour'd. Quoth the good o
man,

The last time in her orbe pale Cynthia ran,
I to the prison went, and from him knew
(Upon my vow) what now is knowne to you
And that the Lady which he found distrest
Is Fida call'd; a maide not meanely blest
By heaven's endowments, and — Alas! but see
Kind Philocel ingirt with miserie,
More strong than by his bonds, is drawing nig
The place appointed for his tragedie;

Yo

may walke thither and behold his fall;
while I come neere enough, yet not at all.
shall it neede I to my sorrow knit
the grieve of knowing with beholding it.
The Goddesse went: but ere she came did
throwde

herselfe from every eye within a cloud)
where she beheld the shepherd on his way,
such like a bridegroom on his marriage-day;
increasing not his miserie with feare.
thers for him, but he shed not a teare.
his knitting sinewes did not tremble ought,
nor to unusuall palpitation brought
as or his heart or lyver, nor his eye,
nor tongue, nor colour shew'd a dread to dye.
his resolution keeping with his spirit,
both worthy him that did them both inherit)
held in subjection every thought of feare,
morning so base an executioner.

Some time he spent in speech; and then
began

obmissely prayer to the name of Pan,
Then sodainly this cry came from the plaines:
from guiltlesse blood be free ye British swaines!
fine be those bonds, and mine the death ap-
pointed!

let me be head-long throwne, these limbes
disjoynted!

Or

Or if you needes must hurle him from the
brim,

Except I dye there dyes but part of him.

Doe then right Justice and performe your oath

Which cannot be without the death of both.

Wonder, drew thitherward their drown
eyes,

And Sorrow Philocel's. Where he espies

What he did onely feare, the beauteous maid

His wofull Cœlia, whom (ere night arraid

Last time the world in sute of mournfull black

More darke then use, as to bemone their wrack

He at his cottage left in sleepe's soft armes,

By powre of simples, and the force of charmes

Which time had now dissolv'd, and made he

know

For what intent her love had left her so.

She staide not to awake her mate in sleepe,

Nor to bemone her fate. She scorn'd to weepe

Or have the passion that within her lyes

So distant from her heart as in her eyes.

But rending of her hayre, her throbbing bre

Beating with ruthlesse strokes, she onwards pre

As an iraged furious lionesse,

Through uncouth treadings of the wildernesse

In hote pursute of her late missed broode.

The name of Philocel speakes every wood,

And

she begins it still, and still her pace;
face deckt anger, anger deckt her face.
distracted Hecuba along
streetes of Troy. So did the people throng
helplesse hands and heavy hearts to see
wofull ruine in her progenie.
harmlesse flockes of sheepe that neerely
fed,
on the open plaines wide scattered,
all afront, and gaz'd with earnest eye
(without teares) while thus she passed by.
things that long time before had held no drop,
swelled forth and over-went the top,
left to pay the spring their wonted vowes,
all forlorne fate drooping on the boughes.
spe, springs, and birds, nay trees unwonted
grones
rail'd her chance, and forc'd it from the
stones.
Thus came she to the place (where aged
men,
elders, and wives, and youth and childeren
had but newly learnt their mother's name,
almost spent their teares before she came.)
those her earnest and related words
rew from her brest; and unto them affords
as the meanes to further her pretence:
give not on your foules, by innocence
Wrong'd,

Wrong'd, lasting stains; which from a sluice the
May still wash o're but never wash away.

Turne all your wraths on me; for here behold
The hand that tore your sacred tree of gold;
These are the feete that led to that intent,
Mine was th' offence, be mine the punishment
Long hath he liv'd among you, and he knew
The danger imminent that would insue;
His vertuous life speakes for him, heare it then
And cast not hence the miracle of men!
What now he doth is through some discontent
Mine was the fact, be mine the punishment!

What certaine death could never make him do
(With Cœlia's losse) her presence forc'd him to
She that could cleere his greatest clouds of woes
Some part of woman made him now disclose,
And shew'd him all in teares: and for a while
Out of his heart unable to exile
His troubling thoughts in words to be conceiv'd
But weighing what the world should be bereav'd
He of his sighes and throbs some license wanne
And to the sad spectators thus beganne:
Hasten! O haste! the houre's already gone,
Doe not deferre the execution!
Nor make my patience suffer ought of wrong!
'Tis nought to dye, but to be dying long!
Some fit of frenzy hath possesst the maid,
She could not doe it, though she had assaid.

No bough growes in her reach; nor hath the tree
 A spray so weake to yeeld to such as she.
 To winne her love I broke it, but unknowne
 And undesir'd of her; then let her owne
 No touch of prejudice without consent,
 Mine was the fact, be mine the punishment!
 O! who did ever such contention see,
 Where death stood for the prize of victory?
 Where love and strife were firme and truely
 knowne,
 And where the victor must be overthrowne?
 Where both pursude, and both held equall strife
 That life should further death, death further life.
 Amazement strucke the multitude. And now
 They knew not which way to performe their
 vow.
 Only one should be depriv'd of breath,
 They were not certaine of th' offender's death;
 If both of them should die for that offence,
 They certainly should murder innocence;
 If none did suffer for it, then there ran
 Upon their heads the wrath and curse of Pan.
 This much perplex'd and made them to deferre
 The deadly hand of th' executioner,
 Till they had sent an officer to know
 The judges wils: (and those with fates doe goe)
 Who backe return'd, and thus with teares began:
 The substitutes on earth of mighty Pan,
 VOL. II. P Have

Have thus decreed ; (although the one be free
 To cleare themselves from all impunitie,
 If, who the offender is, no meanes procure,
 Th' offence is certaine, be their death as sure.
 This is their doome (which may all plagues pre-
 vent)
 To have the guilty kill the innocent.

Lookeas two little lads (their parents treasure
 Under a tutor strictly kept from pleasure,
 While they their new-given lesson closely fear
 Heare of a message by their father's man,
 That one of them, but which he hath forgot
 Must come along and walke to some faire plot
 Both have a hope : their carefull tutor loth
 To hinder eyther, or to license both ;
 Sends backe the messenger that he may know
 His master's pleasure which of them must go
 While both his schollers stand alike in feare
 Both of their freedome and abiding there,
 The servant comes and sayes that for that day
 Their father wils to have them both away :
 Such was the feare these loving soules were in
 That time, the messenger, had absent bin.
 But farre more was their joy 'twixt one another
 In hearing neyther should out-live the other.
 Now both intwinde, because no conqu-
 wonne,
 Yet eyther ruinde : Philocel begun

To arme his love for death: a roabe unfit
 Till Hymen's saffron'd weede had usher'd it.
 My fayrest Cœlia! come; let thou and I,
 That long have learn'd to love, now learne to
 dye;
 is a lesson hard if we discerne it,
 Let none is borne so soone as bound to learne it.
 Impartiall Fate layes ope the booke to us,
 And let us con it still imbracing thus;
 We may it perfect have, and goe before
 Those that have longer time to reade it o're;
 And we had need begin and not delay,
 For 'tis our turne to read it first to-day.
 Helpe when I misse, and when thou art in doubt
 Be thy prompter, and will helpe thee out.
 But see how much I erre: vaine metaphor
 And elocution destinies abhorre.
 Could death be staide with words, or wonne with
 teares,
 Or mov'd with beauty, or with unripe yeeres;
 Sure thou couldst doe't; this rose, this sun-like
 eye
 Should not so soone be quell'd, so quickly dye.
 But we must dye my love; not thou alone,
 Nor onely I, but both; and yet but one.
 Nor let us grieve; for we are marryed thus,
 And have by death what life denyed us.

It is a comfort from him more then due;
 "Death severs many, but he couples few."
 Life is a flood that keepes us from our blisse,
 The ferriman to waft us thither, is
 Death, and none else; the sooner we get o're
 Should we not thanke the ferriman the more
 Others intreat him for a passage hence,
 And groane beneath their griefes and impotencie
 Yet (mercilesse) he lets those longer stay,
 And sooner takes the happy man away.
 Some little happinesse have thou and I,
 Since we shall dye before we wish to dye.
 Should we here longer live, and have our day
 As full in number as the most of these,
 And in them meet all pleasures may betide,
 We gladly might have liv'd and patient dyde
 When now our fewer yeeres made long
 cares

(That without age can snow downe silver haire
 Make all affirme (which doe our griefes discerne)
 We patiently did live, and gladly dye.
 The difference (my love) that doth appeare
 Betwixt our fates and theirs that see us here,
 Is onely this: the high-all-knowing powre
 Conceales from them, but tels us our last howre
 For which to Heaven we farre-farre more
 bound,

Since in the howre of death we may be found

By its prescience) ready for the hand
 That shall conduct us to the Holy-land.
 When those, from whom that houre conceal'd
 is, may
 When in their height of sinne be tane away.
 Besides to us Justice a friend is knowne,
 Which neyther lets us dye nor live alone.
 That we are forc'd to it cannot be held;
 Who feares not Death, denyes to be com-
 pell'd."
 O that thou wert no actor in this play,
 My sweetest Cœlia! or divorc'd away
 From me in this! O Nature! I confesse:
 I cannot looke upon her heaviness
 Without betraying that infirmitie:
 Which at my birth thy hand bestow'd on me.
 Would I had dyde when I receiv'd my birth!
 I knowne the grave before I knew the earth!
 Heavens! I but one life did receive from you,
 And must so short a loane be paid with two?
 Cannot I dye but like that brutish stem
 Which have their best-below'd to dye with them?
 Let her live! some blest powre heare my cry!
 Let Cœlia live, and I contented dye.
 My Philocel (quoth she) neglect these throes!
 Like not for me, nor adde not to my woes!
 Can there be any life when thou art gone?
 Nay, can there be but desolation?

Art

Art thou so cruell as to wish my stay,
 To waite a passage at an unknowne day?
 Or have me dwell within this vale of woe,
 Excluded from those joyes which thou shalt know
 Envy not me that blisse! I will assay it,
 My love deserves it, and thou canst not stay
 Justice! then take thy doome; for we entend
 Except both live, no life; one love, one end.
 Thus with imbraces, and exhorting other,
 With teare-dew'd kisses that had powre
 smother;
 Their soft and ruddy lips close joyn'd wi
 eyther,
 That in their deaths their soules might me
 together.
 With prayers as hopefull as sincerely good,
 Expecting death, they on the cliffe's edge stoo
 And lastly were (by one oft forcing breath)
 Throwne from the rocke into the armes of deat
 Faire Thetis, whose command the waves ob
 Loathing the losse of so much worth as they
 Was gone before their fall; and by her pow
 The billowes (mercilesse, us'd to devoure,
 And not to save) she made to swell up high,
 Even at the instant when the tragedy
 Of those kinde soules should end: so to recei
 them,
 And keepe what crueltie would faine bereave the

her hest was soone perform'd: and now they
lay

embracing on the surface of the sea,
Joyd of all sence; a spectacle so sad
That Thetis, nor no nymph which there she
had,

Touch'd with their woes, could for a while re-
fraine

For from their heavenly eyes did sadly raine
Each showres of teares (so powrefull since divine)
That ever since the sea doth taste of bryne.

With teares, thus, to make good her first intent
She both the lovers to her chariot hent:

Recalling life that had not cleerely tane
Will leave of his or her more curious phane,
And with her praise sung by these thankfull
payre,

Steer'd on her courfers (swift as fleeting ayre)
Towardes her pallace built beneath the seas:
Proud of her journey, but more proud of these.

By that time Night had newly spread her robe
Over our halfe-part of this massie globe,
She wonne that famous isle which Jove did
please

To honour with the holy Druydes.
And as the Westerne side she stript along,
Heard (and so staid to heare) this heavy song

O Hea-

O Heaven! what may I hope for in this cave

A grave

But who to me this last of helps shall reach

A wretch

Shall none be by pittying so sad a wight?

Yes: Night.

Small comfort can befall in heavy plight

To me poore maide, in whose distresses be

Nor hope, nor helpe, nor one to pittie me,

But a cold grave, a wretch, and darksome night

To digge that grave what fatall thing appeare

Thy tear

What bell shall ring me to that bed of ease

Rough se

And who for mourners hath my fate assign'd

Each win

Can any be debarr'd from such I finde?

When to my last rites Gods no other send

To make my grave, for knell, or mourning
friend,

Then mine owne teares, rough seas, and gusts
of winde.

Teares must my grave dig: but who bringeth
those?

Thy woe

Wh

Which

VOL

What monument will Heaven my body spare?

The ayre.

And what the epitaph when I am gone?

Oblivion.

Most miserable I, and like me none
Both dying, and in death, to whom is lent
Nor spade, nor epitaph, nor monument,
Excepting woes, ayre, and oblivion.

The end of this gave life unto a grone,
As if her life and it had beene but one;
Yet she as carelesse of reserving eyther,
If possible would leave them both together.
It was the faire Marina, almost spent
With grieve and feare of future famishment.
For (haplesse chance) but the last rosie morne
The willing Redbreast flying through a thorne,
Against a prickle gor'd his tender side,
And in an instant, so, poore creature dyde.
Thetis much mov'd with those sad notes she
heard,
Her freeing thence to Triton soone referr'd;
Who found the cave as soone as set on shore,
And by his strength removing from the dore
A weighty stone, brought forth the fearefull
mayde,
Which kindly led where his faire mistresse staid;

Was entertain'd as well became her sort,
 And with the rest steer'd on to Thetis Court.
 For whose release from imminent decay,
 My muse a while will here keepe holy-day.

THE END OF THE SECOND BOOK.

